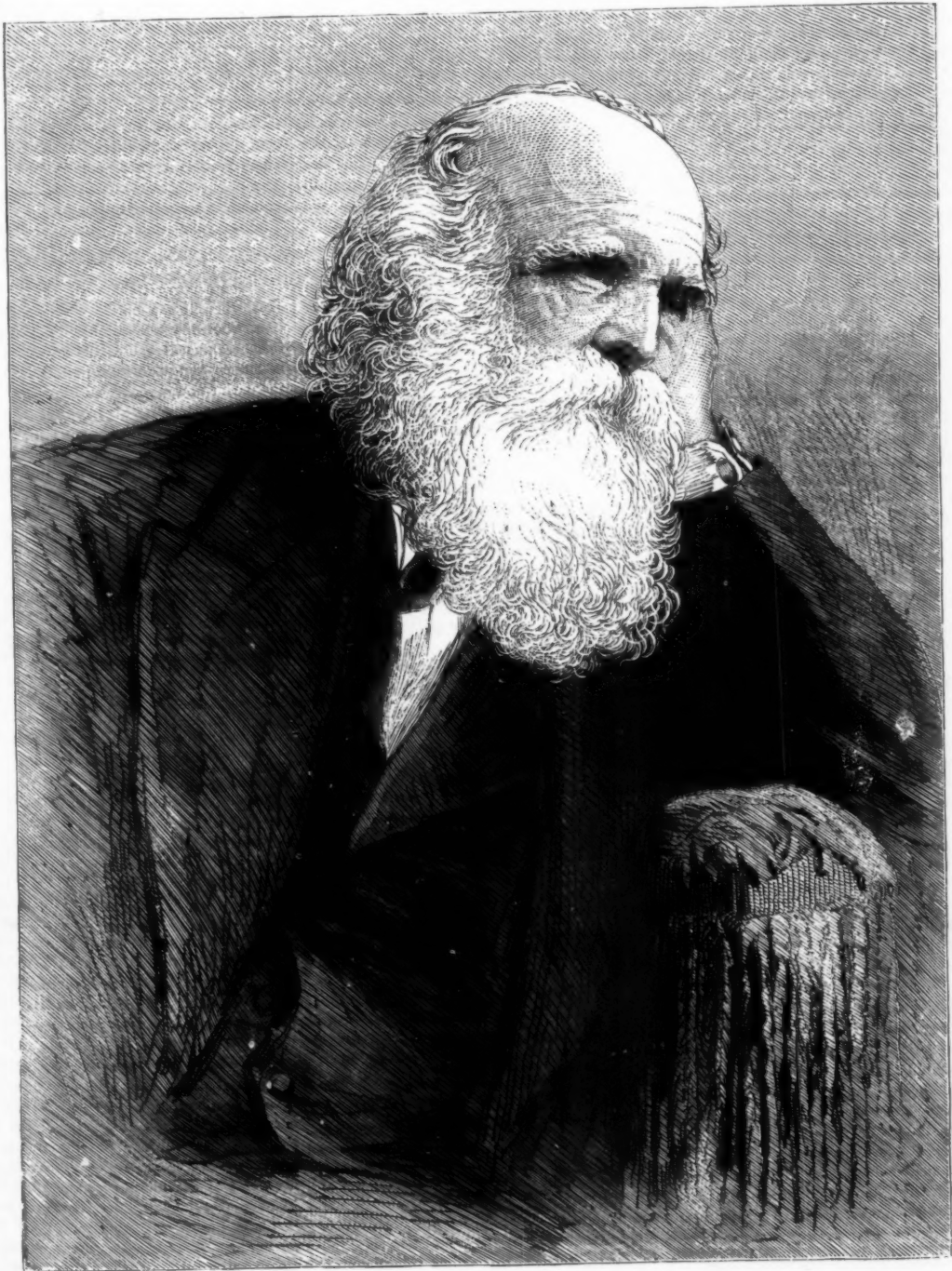


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WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.—(SEE PAGE 665.)

## HEARTS AND HANDS.\*

A STORY IN SIXTEEN CHAPTERS.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

## CHAPTER VII.

## A MORNING CALL.

THERE are advantages and disadvantages, Sybil finds, in sharing Mrs. Langdon's cottage. One of the advantages—a very great and decided one—is Elise; another is Gerald, who, it must be confessed, makes himself very serviceable as an escort; and a third is the fact that the cottage itself has a very good position, is cool, and thoroughly comfortable. Yet, before the next day has advanced very far, she is inclined to think that all these are overbalanced by the distinct disadvantage of the propinquity of Miss Armytage. It is scarcely possible to express the dislike which Sybil has conceived for this estimable young person, and it is still more impossible to set down in black and white the subtle cause of the aversion. But it must be remembered that, in all her life before, she has never come in contact with a specimen of that insolent fine-ladyism which is, perhaps, the most thoroughly unlovely thing on this earth of ours. She does not understand, therefore, how to bear philosophically an unseeing gaze which studiously ignores her, or a supercilious stare which is meant to annihilate her; neither can she tamely submit to being alternately snubbed and patronized when it pleases Miss Armytage to notice her existence at all. There is a tradition to the effect that a crushed worm will turn, and Sybil is far from being a crushed worm in disposition or fact. She sets Miss Armytage and her patronage at defiance with gay audacity, but, all the same, the bearing of the latter is a source of chronic annoyance, and her historian begs to excuse Miss Courtenay for the malice with which she thinks, "I will be quit with you yet, my fine Lady Clara!"

Lady Clara on her part has conceived quite as strong an aversion to this piquant young beauty, whom she can by no means subdue or overawe. Save to a few intimate friends of her own set, her manner, as has already been stated, is usually offensive; but it is particularly so to Sybil—and with good cause. At their first meeting, she was vexed with the attention which Langdon paid the girl, and since then she has been much more than vexed by the apparent defection of Mainwaring. She believes firmly that this defection is *only* apparent, but it angers her that he should seem to attach himself to the train of one so entirely insignificant as Miss Courtenay—should think her even worth the distinction of being "made a fool of" by him—and, with the consistency of her sex, she vents this anger, not on the man who is active, but on the woman who is passive.

What she would do or think if she was aware that Mrs. Langdon smiles with sardonic satisfaction over this turn of affairs, it

is impossible to say. That benevolent lady has a strong genius for diplomacy—little as the circumstances of her life have developed it; and, like a stroke of inspiration, she recognizes a positive good which may result from Mainwaring's introduction to Sybil. She has taken an honest fancy to the girl, but she is none the less ready to make her serve her own private ends. Now, a flirtation which for some time has been in progress between Miss Armytage and Mr. Mainwaring has not conduced to that understanding between Gerald Langdon and the former, which Mrs. Langdon so keenly desires to bring about. She does not fear that the flirtation will ever be other than a flirtation while Isabel is dependent on herself for fortune; but it is a hinderance and an embarrassment to her plans, and she desires to end it. She has found it difficult to do this, however, until Fate obligingly threw into her hand the trump-card of Sybil's youth and beauty. That she has played this card unhesitatingly, no one who knows her can doubt; and that she fails utterly to take into consideration any injury which Sybil's heart may sustain, is not remarkable. A girl's heart, more or less, is a matter of trifling importance to a woman of the world, with a mind full of more serious considerations.

One of these serious considerations is Gerald, and his *grande passion* of years for Mrs. Trescott, born Mary Peronneau. What to do with regard to this, Mrs. Langdon does not plainly perceive. She was successful in breaking the engagement, successful in making her intentions with regard to Gerald clearly understood—and what well-brought-up young lady could think of marrying an almost penniless man?—but she feels that success will be worth little if the old fancy still stands in the way of what she desires, if Gerald still means to wear Mrs. Trescott's (as he has erstwhile worn Mary Peronneau's) chains, and drift into one of those infatuations of habit which, she knows well, have wasted if not wrecked many men's lives. The more she ponders this, the less does she like "the look of things." Why should Gerald tell her that he started to meet her, fully determined to accede to all she desired, and that he suddenly and unaccountably altered his resolution, if that single day in Richmond had not worked the change? No doubt he met Mrs. Trescott there, and perhaps—who knows?—her appearance at the White Sulphur may be in consequence of an understanding between them. So Mrs. Langdon thinks; so far does suspicion carry those who have no faith in the integrity of others.

Blissfully unconscious of the different anxieties and vexations around her, Sybil meets the world in general, and her special acquaintances in particular, with the sunniest of smiles the next morning. The world (with the exception of Mrs. Armytage), in turn, meets her with the most charming and delightful appreciation. Before she has spent an hour in the parlor, after breakfast, her acquaintance is enlarged by a score or two. She has more invitations to walk, to ride, and to dance, than, with the best intentions of obliging everybody, she can possibly accept.

Langdon, when he goes in search of her, finds her the centre of a group of the *jeunesse dorée*—the class whose fickle homage makes and unmakes belles. That she is on the fair road to belleship, no one—not even the other belles—can deny. How much she enjoys the honors of the position, no one can look at her and doubt. Compliments, admiration, pleasure, conquest—who, at seventeen, does not enjoy these things? It is likely she has, in a great measure, to thank Mainwaring for her sudden elevation. In the social circles to which that sultan of flirtation belongs, it is an understood thing that those whom he honors with his attention must be worth the attention of other men. People in general like to have their belles, as well as every thing else, discovered for them. It is entirely too much trouble even to admire for one's self. The only safe way of arriving at a correct opinion is according to the good old game of "follow your leader." Such are the sentiments—or, at all events, such is the practice—of the vast majority of mankind.

"I am sorry to disturb you," Langdon says, when he can obtain a moment's attention, "but, if you remember, I asked you before breakfast if you would not allow me to introduce you to Mrs. Trescott. She is in the parlor now, and, if you like—"

"Oh, yes, certainly!" cries Sybil, forsaking her court immediately; for a hint or two from Mrs. Langdon, while she sat by that lady the night before, has filled her with interest and curiosity with regard to Mrs. Trescott. "I shall be very glad to know her. Do you say she is in the parlor now? Let us go at once."

So they cross the room together; and, from her sofa, Mrs. Langdon watches them, and wonders what Gerald is about when she sees him present Sybil to Mrs. Trescott. The three stand together and talk commonplace for a little while. Then Mrs. Trescott draws on her gloves, and, looking at Sybil, says:

"Will you not walk up to my cottage with me? My cousin, Mrs. Sherbrooke, is not well, and I cannot leave her long alone; but, if you will come, I shall be glad to enjoy your society there—and the walk is pleasant."

She utters the last words a little pleadingly, and her glance turns toward Gerald. He answers nothing, but, when Sybil accepts the invitation, he accompanies them as they pass out. Mrs. Langdon watches them grimly as long as they are in sight, then, with a slight, significant nod, says to herself: "I fancy I understand *that* manoeuvre. A *tit-a-tit* would be rather marked, so Miss Courtenay is brought in to play propriety—for how long, I wonder?"

With one of her active and inquisitive disposition, it is not long before wonder gives place to a desire to know—a desire to a determination. She looks round for some one whose arm she can put into requisition for a little exercise. Mr. Courtenay is playing whist at a table not far away. Being a whist-player herself, Mrs. Langdon knows that she cannot disturb him. Cecil Mainwaring and Miss Armytage went out on the piazza for a little air some time before, and have not yet returned. She sees no man of

\* EXTENDED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by D. APPLETON & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

her acquaintance who is sufficiently disengaged for her to think of summoning him. What, then, is to be done? While she considers the question, a white-mustached old gentleman, with something of the *vieux soldat* in his air, suddenly advances toward her, with outstretched hand.

"My dear Mrs. Langdon," he says, cordially, "delighted to meet you—so long since I saw you last! How well you are looking!" etc., etc.

Mrs. Langdon regards him keenly, and has to struggle with her memory for a minute or two before she can recollect his name. Then she says: "Oh, Colonel Leroy, isn't it? Very glad to see you, I am sure. Have you been here long? How did you leave people and things in Charleston?"

She leans back, fans herself, and looks bored in anticipation, while Colonel Leroy replies that he has not been there long; that, in fact, he only arrived the day before, with his daughter, Mrs. Sherbrooke, and her cousin—at least, her husband's cousin—whom Mrs. Langdon probably remembers—Mary Trescott, *née* Peronneau.

Mrs. Langdon rouses herself at this, sits upright, and fixes her sharp brown eyes on him. "So Mary Peronneau is with you?" she says. "I saw her here, and I wondered what protection she had. In my time it was not considered proper for a young married woman to come to such a place as this without her husband."

"Mr. Trescott was not able to leave Richmond," says Colonel Leroy, a little stiffly. "He probably thought that his wife was sufficiently well protected by the companionship of Annette and myself."

"I am sure she could not have pleasanter companionship," says Mrs. Langdon, perceiving that it is her best policy to be gracious; "but still I think it might have been better if Mr. Trescott had accompanied her. Scandal is rife at these places, you know; and I hear there are rumors about her—some one asked me last night if she was separated from her husband."

"I fear there is some domestic unhappiness," answers Colonel Leroy, hesitatingly, "but I assure you it has not reached any such point as that."

"She was always a foolish and impudent girl," says Mrs. Langdon, uncompromisingly. "I always said she would make the man she married miserable, and I was heartily glad when she treated Gerald so badly. If her husband was a friend of mine, I should advise him to keep a strong curb on her. Too much freedom is not good for women—they only get into mischief."

"Hum!" remarks Colonel Leroy, stroking his white mustache. He does not say whether or not he agrees in the view thus expressed. Few people have Mrs. Langdon's frank and absolute disregard of public prejudice, where the enunciation of unpopular opinions is concerned.

"I have not seen your daughter," that lady goes on. "I remember when she married Tom Sherbrooke—killed in the war, wasn't he?—Does she think of marrying again?"

"Not that I know of," replies Colonel Le-

roy, with the dawning of a smile around his mouth. "She is something of an invalid at present, I am sorry to say—took a cold in traveling, and is confined to her cottage."

"I'll go up and see her," says Mrs. Langdon, with sudden and most unexpected vivacity. "I am sorry for her—people should not come to the White Sulphur to be ill—and I always like to call on my old friends. If you'll give me your arm—thanks. I shall do very well now with the help of my stick. What an abominable thing it is to be an old woman! I went down to Florida a winter or two ago, but I did not find Ponce de Leon's fountain, or any thing at all resembling it."

Colonel Leroy's cottage is not far away, and, as Mrs. Trescott remarked, the walk is as pleasant as green shade, little dust, and soft, capricious breezes can make it. There is a glittering brightness in the day which it is scarcely possible to analyze. Perhaps the clearness and pureness of the air have something to do with the effect. Every thing is sparkling with light and color. The tints with which Nature has adorned herself are so lucid and beautiful, that one feels as if she would laugh in mockery at the artist who should attempt to reproduce them.

When they reach the cottage, it is to mount the steps and find on the piazza Mrs. Sherbrooke, Mrs. Trescott, and Sybil—no sign of Gerald! Mrs. Langdon experiences a curious mixture of relief and disappointment—relief that he is not here, disappointment that she has incurred an unpleasant exertion for nothing. She makes the best of the matter, however, greets with sufficient cordiality the astonished ladies, gives a smile and a nod to Sybil, sits down, and tells Mrs. Sherbrooke that she is grieved to hear of her illness. During the conversation which ensues, this is what is passing on the other side of the piazza:

Mrs. Trescott (wistfully). "And so you have not known Ger—Mr. Langdon long?"

Sybil (looking at her with bright, clear eyes, which read her thoroughly). "No—we only met him in Richmond the other day. But papa knew his father long ago."

Mrs. Trescott. "I saw you with him in the parlor of the hotel there one night. I suppose you have seen a great deal of him?"

Sybil (frankly). "Yes, a great deal. He has been most kind, and I like him exceedingly. I remember the night of which you speak, in Richmond. I was struck by your appearance, and I asked him who you were."

Mrs. Trescott (eagerly). "And what did he say?"

Sybil. "That he had known you long ago—that you used to be a friend of his."

Mrs. Trescott (a little bitterly). "'Used to be!' That is so like a man! It costs them nothing to throw off the feeling of—of years."

Sybil (full of partisanship for Gerald, and strongly inclined to plant a sting). "said something of that kind to him, and he answered that he did not throw off his friends, but that sometimes his friends paid him the compliment of throwing off *him*."

Mrs. Trescott (flushing deeply). "Ah!"

There is silence for a minute after this. Sybil has time to wonder if she has violated confidence in repeating that speech of Ger-

ald's, and Mrs. Trescott has time to hear Mrs. Langdon descending eloquently on the infinitely superior attractions of the Alleghany, the Old Sweet, the Rockbridge Alum, and various other spas, to one of which she advises Mrs. Sherbrooke to go at once. A baby wind comes and stirs lightly the leaves of the trees in front of the cottage, stirs also the dusky tendrils of Sybil's hair. A young lady and gentleman stroll by; she is leaning heavily on his arm, he is holding a parasol tenderly over her; they are gazing into each other's eyes. Plainly, they are enamored lovers. Human nature under the influence of the tender passion can be exhaustively studied at the White Sulphur. While Sybil watches this pair, and wonders if she will ever reach a similar state of fatuity, Mrs. Trescott speaks again, this time in a judiciously lowered tone:

"I suppose you have heard that Gerald is engaged—or will be engaged—to his step-mother's niece?"

Sybil (determined not to commit herself again). "Yes, I have heard so."

Mrs. Trescott (hesitatingly). "I suppose you do not know whether or not it is true?"

Sybil (decidedly). "I have not the least idea."

Mrs. Trescott (in a still lower tone). "I have also heard that Miss Armytage is very much in love with Cecil Mainwaring, and that he has been devoted to her for quite a long time—for *him*. But, of course, there can be no question of marriage without fortune between those two?"

Sybil (planting another sting). "Is there ever a question of marriage without fortune between any two? But I did not wonder that there was a rumor of the kind about Miss Armytage. I wonder if it is true? I wonder if she *does* like Mr. Mainwaring—inip that way?"

Mrs. Trescott (quietly). "I fancy it is true. And she will marry Gerald Langdon. The world goes on in just such fashion. When you are a little older, you will find it out."

Sybil (coolly). "I think I am finding it out quite fast enough without any need of growing older."

At this point Mrs. Langdon turns round, and asks if Gerald is expected to return. "I saw that he attended you when you left the hotel," she says to Sybil.

"Yes, he walked over with us," the girl answers. "But he did not speak of returning. I imagine he thought me capable of finding my way back to the hotel—as I am."

"Suppose you come with me instead?" says Mrs. Langdon, rising. "I am going to my cottage, and, if you will give me your arm, I need not trouble Colonel Leroy."

Colonel Leroy, of course, protests that the trouble in question is only a pleasure; but Mrs. Langdon waves his civility and himself aside, and, taking the arm which Sybil willingly offers, makes her adieu, descends the steps and walks away.

The two ladies left behind look at each other for a minute in silence. Then Mrs. Sherbrooke says:

"What can be the meaning of this? I never knew or heard of Mrs. Langdon's being half so civil before in my life!"

To whom Mrs. Trescott answers, with a



lip that slightly quivers as it curls: "Is it possible you do not see what is the meaning of it? She thought Gerald was here, and she came to see about him. She has not lost her old dread of me—not even yet."

Mrs. Sherbrooke's face grows grave, and a little anxious.

"Mary," she says, "I begged you last night, when you told me that you had seen and spoken to Gerald Langdon, to have nothing more to do with him. I warned you that, however slight your intercourse with him might be, there were two dangers menacing you—one the danger of your husband's jealousy, the other of Mrs. Langdon's tongue. You know she does not hesitate to say any thing of anybody. You know she would be glad to say untrue things of you."

"I know that she is the most insolent, the most meddlesome, and the most malicious of human beings!" replies Mrs. Prescott, with emphasis. "But she can say nothing of me. I talked to Gerald Langdon for ten minutes last night; he introduced Miss Courtenay to me, and walked up to the cottage with us this morning. It is folly to talk of there being food for jealousy or slander in such intercourse as that."

"It is safer to avoid things than to mend them," says Mrs. Sherbrooke, shaking her head. "I wish you would listen to me! I wish you would remember what 'trifles light as air' are to the jealous and malicious."

"And I wish you would remember that I am not a child," replies the other, with a flash of impatience. "I am surely old enough to conduct myself; and I am answerable for what I may do only to God and my husband."

"You make me very uneasy, my dear, very uneasy," says her cousin, "and you also make me very sorry that we came here."

Mrs. Langdon, meanwhile, is saying to Sybil, as they walk along, "Why did Gerald introduce you to that woman? What reason did he give for doing so?"

"None at all," answers Sybil. "I did not ask him for one. He simply told me that he would like to introduce me to her, and I was willing enough to be introduced."

"Humph!" says Mrs. Langdon, in the tone of one very ill-satisfied. "And when he walked up to the cottage with you, did he not go in?"

"Not for a minute—he left us at the steps."

"Where did he go then?"

"I really did not observe."

Mrs. Langdon says "Humph!" again, and hobbles on in silence for a minute. Sybil thinks regretfully of the court which she left in the parlor, and feels that she is not at all obliged to Gerald for the diversion which he has given her morning. To be catechised by Mrs. Prescott and Mrs. Langdon alternately is not half so entertaining as to be complimented by Messieurs A, B, and C, of the *jeunesse dorée*. While she so reflects, Mrs. Langdon speaks:

"My dear, with all your pretty looks, I can see that you have a great deal of shrewd sense; therefore I am going to talk to you much more frankly than I should think of

doing to most girls of your age. I should also like to talk without fear of interruption, so let us turn in here."

"Here" is the road leading around Lover's Leap, which they have reached by this time—Mrs. Langdon's cottage being near at hand, on Paradise Row. They turn, therefore, into the shade-arched, winding walk, and follow it for some distance. The dim, delicious coolness of the woods meets them—they seem to leave the noisy, bustling watering-place world behind. Sybil thinks of the day before, when Mainwaring was her companion, and envies one or two girls whom she meets strolling along with attendant cavaliers. Finally, Mrs. Langdon points to a seat, and they sit down—the glinting sunbeams and dappling shadows falling impartially on the sweet young face and the wrinkled old one.

"I suppose," says Mrs. Langdon, settling herself, "that you have an idea of what I wish to talk about, so you will not be surprised if I begin by asking you to tell me frankly what you think of that woman—Mrs. Prescott—whom you have just left."

Sybil (reservedly). "I scarcely know. It is difficult to form a just opinion from one meeting, but—I suppose I may say that I have not been very favorably impressed by Mrs. Prescott."

Mrs. Langdon. "A—h! I fancied as much. You did not look as if you were swearing eternal friendship while you talked to her. May I ask, by-the-by, what she was saying?"

Sybil (who thinks this a question which Mrs. Langdon has no right to ask). "We were talking of different things, and I fear I was not very amiable. After all, it was none of my business that she jilted Mr. Langdon, but I think it is infamous for women to act so heartlessly!"

Mrs. Langdon (persistently). "Was she talking of Gerald?"

Sybil (curtly). "A little."

Mrs. Langdon. "What about him?"

Sybil (reigning the point). "Nothing to speak of, if one examines it. She asked me if I had known him long, and if I liked him, and what he had said of herself, and if he was engaged to Miss Armytage, and—that was all, I believe."

Mrs. Langdon (quickly). "And what did you tell her on the last point?"

Sybil (with dignity). "What could I tell her except that I knew nothing about it?"

Mrs. Langdon (indignantly). "I wish she had asked me the question! What right has she with Gerald's affairs, after having done him all the harm she could do, and desiring to do him more? But some women are shameless! Now tell me one more thing, my dear—you are shrewd, as I said a moment ago, and I hope you will be frank—how did her manner to him and his to her strike you while you were with them?"

Sybil (after a moment's hesitation). "Mrs. Langdon, I do not think I am bound to answer such a question as that, but, lest you should misinterpret my silence, I will do so. Mr. Langdon's manner to Mrs. Prescott struck me as very much what it might be to any ordinary acquaintance; while hers to

him was, I thought, a little constrained, and sometimes deprecating."

Mrs. Langdon (looking at her keenly). "Did you perceive no sign of any thing like a secret understanding between them?"

Sybil (flushing). "None."

Mrs. Langdon (in a conciliating tone). "I beg your pardon for all these questions. They are disagreeable, I know, and would be ill-bred if they were not important. But they are important, for it is essential that I should know exactly how Gerald stands with regard to Mrs. Prescott; and, if you choose, my dear, you can do me a great service, for which I shall not be ungrateful."

Sybil. "I, madam?"

Mrs. Langdon. "Yes, you! Let me tell you one thing: I am as sure as I can be of any thing which I do not absolutely know, that this woman, who, to gratify her vanity, kept Gerald dangling in her train for years, and finally jilted him in the end, is now anxious to fasten her chains back upon him. Whether this is from love of power, or whether she has still a fancy for him, as people say, I do not know. Neither do I know how likely she is to succeed. But men are fools—in-sufferable fools! Arts which are transparent and disgusting to us ensnare the wisest among them. Now, what I want you to do is simply to take advantage of the introduction which has been given you, to observe them when they are together, and let me know the result."

Sybil (with crimson cheeks). "Mrs. Langdon, how—how can you propose such a thing to me? How can you think that I would make myself a spy—for that is what I should be if I did what you ask—on people with whom I have no possible concern? It is impossible—quite impossible! Pray understand this at once, and I—I think I would rather not listen to any more."

Mrs. Langdon (very coldly). "Do not be afraid—I shall not trouble you further. I am not in the habit of asking favors twice. It appeared to me that this was a very slight favor, and one which might easily be asked without eliciting any virtuous indignation. It seems I was mistaken, however—your perceptions, no doubt, are much finer than mine. I beg pardon, and will not refer to the subject again. Shall we return to the cottage?"

Sybil (contritely). "Pray forgive me for speaking so hastily, and do not be vexed with me that I cannot do what you wish. I am very sorry!"

Mrs. Langdon (pausing for a moment as she rises, and leaning on her stick). "You are absurd; but young people will be that, I suppose, and I have no desire to interfere with your scruples. Don't suppose I am vexed with you. I will prove the contrary by giving you a warning which I may not have another opportunity to deliver, and which is meant in sincere kindness. It is this: Don't let Cecil Mainwaring make a fool of you! Amuse yourself with him as much and as long as you like, lead him to any length you please without remorse, but don't ever forget, whatever he may say or insinuate, that he is only amusing himself with you. The only woman he can afford to marry is a wom-



## MY STORY.

A NOVEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PATTY."

(From Advance-Sheets.)

## CHAPTER L.

## ANXIETY.

THE days went by so slowly while we waited; but no news came of Captain Brand.

One day Madame La Peyre told me that the abbé must go to Paris for a few days, and that, as the carriage must take him to Yvetôt, if I chose, I might meet it as it returned, and go on with Angélique to see Marie Touchet.

After breakfast the abbé asked me to come to his study. His manner was so grave that I felt troubled; but he left me no time for anxiety.

"My dear child," he said, "I am going to Paris on other business, but I am also going to see if definite tidings cannot be gathered about Captain Brand. I did not tell you, because it seemed better to wait; but a letter from his London agent crossed mine the day after I wrote. This letter says the ship is long overdue, and that no tidings have been heard of it, or of the captain. The agent writes to ascertain if we can give any information."

"Did you hear what Monsieur Dupont said?"

"Yes, yes, my child; but you must not look so scared and sad. I have seen your sadness, Gertrude. There are always plenty of these idle rumors. The agent goes on to say that the delay may be attributed to some contingency occasioned by the severe winter."

"But, then, how long can this doubt last?"

He looked grave again, and I felt that he tried to smile against his own conviction.

"You want to make me a prophet, my dear child. Let us hope that very soon indeed we may be called on to welcome Captain Brand at Château-Fontaine. But a fresh letter this morning tells me of the death of Captain Brand's mother. She has died suddenly, without a will. However, as it appears that she has derived her income solely from her son, this is not of much consequence, except that, as there are no other relatives, you are placed in a more responsible position."

I did not understand the abbé. I was too sad. I had refused to go and live with this mother; and now she had died alone, perhaps—evidently without one of her own people beside her.

I said "Good-by" to the abbé, and then I went to find Angélique. I did not feel in spirits for our expedition, and I thought I would ask her to defer it. It seemed impossible to go out for a day's pleasure when such a sorrow had come to Captain Brand. But, looking down into the hall from the great, square gallery, I saw Angélique with an unusually happy face putting last touches to the packing of two baskets, offerings evidently for Marie Touchet.

I am still selfish, then. My first thought

is to shut myself up, and brood over this anxiety—regardless of the disappointment both of Angélique and of Marie Touchet.

So we started as soon as it was considered possible for the carriage to have deposited the abbé at Yvetôt, and to have reached on its way home the turn in the road leading over the hill to St.-Arnould.

Angélique trudged along with a basket on each arm—broad, flat, open baskets, made of white-wood shavings; one was covered with a snow-white cloth, and, I fancy, held butter and eggs; but in the other was a live brown hen, held in bondage by a bright-orange handkerchief fastened across the basket.

Angélique was in singularly gay spirits. She had not been so far from home for months; and she pointed out to me the tender green of the hawthorn-leaves as we walked along the white, hedge-bordered road, and the green banks below, gay with blue lilies and gemmed with pink-and-blue and starry-white flowers. From these hedges, and from the trees which at intervals rose from them, and stretched across the road, rose a perpetual chorus. The birds strained their tiny throats in praise of the exquisite spring sunshine. Here and there the hedges gave place to a low stone fence; and stretches of cornland appeared in place of the hedge-bordered meadows, and then came a more intense melody from above from the tiny brown bird poised like a speck near the clouds. We found the carriage waiting, and the stout pair of gray Norman horses carried us rapidly up-hill toward St.-Arnould.

Just before we reached Marie's cottage, the road descended steeply; it had evidently been cut through a densely-planted fir-wood, for the yellow banks were bare of herbage, and only varied by the protruding roots of the dark trees above, and occasional patches of heather, velvet-brown, with last year's shriveled bells dotting the bright-hued sand.

I was looking up at this wood, and all at once I saw a man's face peering down at us from between the tree-trunks; but, even while I looked, it vanished.

"I should not like to come here in the dark, Angélique. How easily robbers could hide in that wood!"

"But mademoiselle may be tranquil; there has never been a robbery here. The people of St.-Arnould are very good and orderly; and, besides, it is not often that strangers go there."

This is all very well, but we have scarcely seen a house since we left Château-Fontaine; and, in that thick wood, robbers could hide themselves easily.

A sudden opening on the left brought us to a kind of gravel-pit, surrounded by the thick verdure of the pine-wood. In the centre were two small cottages, with green doors and lattice windows. A vine spread its bare brown arms over the fronts of both cottages, and reached even unto the thatch above, where there was a colony of house-leek and stone-crop.

"This is Marie's cottage, mademoiselle."

The carriage had stopped, and Angélique got out, and held the door open for me.

I felt a little disappointed. I had imag-

an with money. His business in life is to look for her: his pleasure is to turn other women's heads, and break their hearts—when they have any! He would be delighted to add you to his list of victims. Don't let him do it! Show him that there is one woman able to meet him at his own game, and I, for one, will hold you entitled to the thanks of your sex. Now give me your arm; forget, if you can, all the disagreeable things I have said, and let us move on."

As they moved on—Sybil not trusting herself to answer the last advice—they suddenly come upon an ambushed couple delightfully ensconced in a shady seat, both of whom start at sight of them.

"Aunt! is it possible this is *you*?" cries Miss Armytage, incredulously, while Mainwaring rises to his feet.

"Yes, it is I," responded Mrs. Langdon, snappishly. "Who else should it be? I am sure you don't know anybody who looks like me.—Don't trouble yourself, Mr. Mainwaring! I am not going to sit down, and I did not come here in search of either of you. Miss Courtenay and myself are simply enjoying the beauties of Nature. You are enjoying the beauties of something else. Don't let us disturb you."

"We were just thinking of returning," says Miss Armytage, rising also. She knows the weather-gauge of her aunt's temper very well, and just now prudence advises her that the atmosphere is stormy. Few people brave Mrs. Langdon. Of these few, her niece is not one—at least, if she opposes her at all, it is with quiet obstinacy, not with open defiance.

"What! are you coming?" says Mrs. Langdon. "There is really no necessity for you to do so on my account; but, if you *are*, I believe I will trouble you for your arm. I have been making a crutch of Miss Courtenay quite long enough."

"Pray allow me to have the honor," says Mainwaring, quickly stepping forward.

But the imperious lady waves him aside. "I am much obliged to you," she says, "but I prefer Isabel. Her arm is of a good height, and she walks well. You are too tall."

"Am I?" he says, laughing. "I am sorry for it."

"I don't mean for looks," she retorts. "You know that as well as I do. And, no doubt, some people would not object to the height of your arm—Miss Courtenay there, for instance."

"Miss Courtenay, may I venture to ask you to try it?" he says, turning to Sybil, whose place Miss Armytage, with ill-concealed reluctance, has just taken.

She smiles and shakes her head. "There is no need," she replies. "I tried it last night, you know, and found it all that an arm should be."

"I wish it was night now," he says, in a low voice; "I should like you to try it again."

The words are absolutely nothing; the tone would befit the vows of Romeo; and, as Sybil looks up at him with laughing eyes, she thinks that she will follow Mrs. Langdon's advice, and "meet him at his own game," if only to be quit with Miss Armytage.

ined a picturesque village, grouped round a little church; these two lonely cottages, with their hard, yellow background, were not specially attractive.

"Will mademoiselle give herself the trouble of following me?"

Angélique went on and tapped at the door of the largest of the two cottages. She waited, but there was no answer, and then she rapped her knuckles harder against the green door.

Still no answer came. Angélique's hand was on the latch, when I saw the window in the next cottage moving; it opened, and a very ugly, brown woman's face appeared; it was a different kind of ugliness from Rosalie's—a broad, misshapen face, but with honest, dull-gray eyes, and no malice on its heavy, blue-lipped mouth.

"Tenez, mesdames; is it, then, to see Marie Touchet that they are come, these ladies?"

"Berthe"—Angélique spoke as if the huge-faced woman was a child—"this is mademoiselle from the château, who I told you would come some day. Come, Berthe, thou knowest la Mère Angélique—what, then, has happened to Marie Touchet?"

There was a loud clattering of *sabots* as Berthe's ugly, vacant face left the window, and, when the door opened, the space was filled by her huge, squat figure; her great feet, encased in black *sabots*, were bare; and her apron, though clean, was full of rents; instead of a cap, her head was swathed in a pink handkerchief, with a little horn over each ear.

"*Plait-il?*" she said, stolidly, to Angélique; but she looked at me.

"How is Marie, and why is she locked in?"

Berthe shook her head.

"La Mère Angélique knows Berthe is a 'dunce'"—she looked hard at me while she spoke—"and yet she asks two things at once! *Ma foi*, what can a poor girl do?"

Berthe must surely be fifty; I began to think she was an idiot.

"Is Marie ill?" Angélique went back to the door and tried to open it.

"*Mon Dieu!*" Berthe opens her mouth and eyes, and stares still harder at me. "Will la Mère Angélique give herself the patience to wait?"

She clatters along in her huge *sabots* to the little green door, and then, stretching up a brown, hairy arm, she feels along the top of the door, and at last produces a key.

She looks at it, and then at us; then, pushing one broad set of fingers in among her wisps of rough hair, she grins at last broadly. "*Tenez*, Madame Angélique, this is what I am to say if any one inquires for Marie Touchet—she is not at her cottage; how shall she be there with her key outside? She is not at St.-Arnould"—here she falters, and she looks first at one of us and then at the other, to help her memory.

"She is at Caudebec, *bien*," says Angélique, and takes the key.

"No, no, no!"—Berthe shakes her head vehemently, and plants herself stubbornly in front of the closed door—"it is not so; that is not the message which Marie has taught

Berthe to say if any one should come to see her from Château-Fontaine." Then she begins again, in a dreamy, monotonous voice, like a child saying a lesson: "Marie is not at her cottage, nor at St.-Arnould." I smile, but Angélique shakes her head; she sees that only our patience will help poor Berthe's straying wits. "She is not even at Caudebec—she is with Fifine, she is on the road to St.-Wandrille. Aha!"—Berthe looks round in sudden triumph—"our Fifine has a baby, and, when Marie has seen that they are all right, she is coming back very soon, perhaps to-day, to Berthe."

"How long has she been gone, my girl?"

Angélique puts her hand on the great, rough woman's shoulder, and looks persuasive.

"See here"—and Berthe points to six pins in front of her gown—"Marie has said she will be gone but six days, and I have put in a pin for every day. *Mon Dieu!* I have no pins left; yes, yes, it is sure that Marie will come to-day."

She moves away, and Angélique unlocks the door. All the windows are closed, and, as I follow, the air feels horribly close.

"Mademoiselle will wait, will she not?" Angélique turns round, and stands in my way. "This room has been closed so long that it is unwholesome."

"I will just stay and air it, and leave the things I have brought for Marie, and then I will come to mademoiselle."

I turn away, glad to escape. I had been so anxious to visit a French cottage, but not one that has been shut up for six days.

I go back to the carriage, and Berthe follows Angélique.

It is a lovely afternoon; there is just breeze enough to bring the fragrance of the pine-trees to where I sit. The scent sets me thinking of Mrs. Dayrell, she so loved it.

At Merton one of my amusements had been to collect fir-cones, and to dry them for Mrs. Dayrell's fire. She had so few pleasures, that Madame La Peyre was always devising little enjoyments for her.

It is a year since Mrs. Dayrell's death, and yet how vividly the terrible scene comes back as I sit waiting beside the gravel-pit! I can see now what was so puzzling at Merton, the likeness between myself and this poor, self-willed woman—and she saw it all through, and from her first knowledge of the marriage urged me to submit to my husband. If I had listened to her at Merton, there was yet time; now it is too late. Captain Brand's forbearance seems to me to have been almost superhuman, but that is just the reason why he will not forgive—he cannot stoop to my level; he will never consent to have a wife he cannot trust, and he will never believe in me. If I could even say, "I love you," with my whole heart, he would not believe, and I can never say this, for I can never again deceive. This thought often comes, and it brings with it intense pain. Although I am safely sheltered within the old-fashioned, close carriage, I shrink back into a corner of it, and cover my eyes with my hand.

But the next moment I am startled out of my sadness by the opening of the carriage-door.

It is Eugène who opens it, and, as I sit staring in dumb terror, he steps into the carriage, closes the door, and seats himself opposite to me.

I am not long dumb.

"Monsieur de Vaucresson, you ought not to come here! I told you distinctly I never wished to see you again."

I look at him severely, but he does not laugh in his teasing, mocking way; he is very sad, and I fancy even humble.

"Ah, madame, can you then refuse to listen just for a moment? Your nature is different from mine; you can love one month and forget the next; with me it is different. Never till I saw you did I know what love meant. Never can I forget the love which you have created in my heart. You have created it," he said, impetuously, "and you are bound to listen to your own creation; you shall hear me say, 'I love you'—even if the next moment you trample on my heart!"

His words sound false, and yet the look in which he speaks has reality in it. I look up and see tears in his eyes. I tremble, and yet I am not really moved. I feel calm and quiet.

"Monsieur de Vaucresson, you are giving us both needless pain. I—I do not love you; I know now that I never really loved you; and I wish you to leave me at once."

He gives a little start, and then he frowns.

"You are not prudent, my charming friend. You should not defy a man when you cannot help listening to him."

"You are mistaken, monsieur; Angélique is close by in that cottage, and Madame La Peyre's coachman is on the box."

"I know every thing, my friend; ah, I am your friend, though you will not believe it! I know also that you will keep quiet. Baptiste is so deaf that you can never make him hear as long as I choose to keep the carriage-door shut."

Instead of feeling frightened, a strong, determined courage comes to me.

"You can, of course, stay here, monsieur, if you are resolved to be where you are not wanted; but I refuse to speak to you again."

"Listen, Gertrude—you cannot be so romantic as to think that this sudden meeting has come by chance—listen, and do not provoke me by that affected air of indifference. You are angry with me, and I do not wonder; ah, you begin to listen now; *bon*—you would have a just right to be angry if I had been as faithless as I have been made to appear when you left me so suddenly in the garden. I wrote letter after letter. I haunted the château for days. You wrote to me, but what then? I recognized fear and compulsion in the dear little note which I yet kissed and placed next my heart. Then I heard of your illness, and in despair I traveled, I gambled—what will you?—I indulged in a hundred mad follies to quiet my torments and my anxiety. The other day, in Paris, suddenly I hear that English merchant-ships have perished on the northern coast of America, and I remember to have heard that your husband was bound there. Well, Gertrude, what do I do? I say to myself, 'There is my love, my dear little friend, perhaps a widow, and even her English ideas will no longer re-

fuse my friendship.' I go to Château-Fontaine. I go there—ah, my sweet friend, your face tells me you have not known of my visit; the Père Alphonse is a very clever and discreet priest, and I see well that I must be wary and watch for his absence if I mean to take you at unawares; so I return to Yvetôt. I know that the abbé has already staid a long time in this country, and that he must soon return to Paris. This morning, as I sit in my room, I see the abbé pass by in the carriage. *Bon*—an idea presents itself, and I seize it. I know well how deaf and how stupid is Baptiste, and when the abbé leaves the carriage I get in, and Baptiste, doubting nothing, drives me to the point where he stops to wait for you. Then I descend and arrive as from the opposite quarter in front of Baptiste, and I say, '*Hold, mon cher, whom do you wait for?*' and then the wise and discreet Baptiste, when at last he hears me, says, '*I wait for mademoiselle and la Mère Angélique, and I conduct them to the cottage of Marie Touchet.*' See, what a transparent little mystery! Then I enter the wood and hurry on as fast as possible, and at last I see Angélique go into the cottage, and I find my treasure here."

And now he flings himself on his knees. "My treasure will reward me; she will say just once, in her sweet, delicious voice, '*Eugène, I love thee.*'"

I cannot speak—I tremble with shame and anger; I cannot escape while he kneels there. Oh, how could I ever have dreaded this man's influence? I feel that I loathe and detest him.

"Monsieur"—at last my voice comes back—"if you will not spare me, spare yourself; do not make me say that I dislike you and shrink from you."

He rises quickly, and bursts out in a torrent, first of adoring flattery and then of reproach. I try not to listen, but I feel crushed with shame and choked by the angry replies I long to make, and yet I know that silence is my only safe weapon now.

Perhaps the bitterest part of my shame lies in the thought that for this weak, vain man's admiration I despised and deceived my husband. I may never love Captain Brand, but I must always reverence him. Which is the real Eugène de Vaucresson—the merry boy I dreamed into an idol, or this man, so insatiable in his vanity that he would run any risk to gratify it, for every word that he has said shows vanity, not love? Even when he taunts me with my faithlessness, I cannot feel that he really loves me. Presently he pauses, and his tone changes.

"You are thinking of a new marriage; is it not so?" he says.

I look surprised, and he goes on fast:

"You heard what I said just now; I tell you that you are a widow."

For a few moments I am chilled and awe-struck by the word, but then I recover.

"I do not think you have any sure proof; but, even were your news true, monsieur, I have no wish to marry."

He shrugs his shoulders with impatience.

"You mistake me, my charming friend; I am not pleading for myself. But surely, as a widow, you cannot object to a renewal of our

friendship. Give me your hand in pledge, and we will forget and forgive, will we not, my Gertrude?"

He has seated himself again, and, before he can stop me, I open the door, and spring out. I have nearly reached the cottage-door, panting in my haste, when Angélique opens it.

I suppose my agitated face frightens her. She looks round at once, to see what has moved me. I look toward the carriage; but there it stands empty, the door is closed, and deaf Baptiste is sound asleep on the box.

While Angélique says "Good-bye" to Berthe, I take counsel with myself, and resolve only to tell the abbé of this meeting with Eugène de Vaucresson.

## CHAPTER LI.

### LOOKING BACK.

In my journal I find a long entry, recording my journey home after that eventful meeting, and the sort of old, grown-up sternness that filled my heart respecting the count. But what is actual in this life? I do not know. It seems to me that we are the sport of circumstances; that which seems a black misfortune becomes of a far lighter hue when some deeper loss falls beside it; and an event of much importance to-day is slight—trivial even—in our estimation when compared with that which happens on the morrow.

And so it is with me to-day. Now that the sad certainty of bereavement has fallen on my life, my heart feels closed to minor trials. I almost smile, even in this aching sorrow, to think how large a place my vexation with the count held in my thoughts. For he seems to me only a foolish boy, and I feel like a grief-stricken, full-grown woman.

Well, I will begin at the beginning.

We were expecting the abbé home again. He had been away a month, and had written me most kind and cheering letters. He had been indefatigable in making inquiry, but had not gained any definite tidings. In his last letter to Madame La Peyre he said he was going to England for a few days, in consequence of some information which had reached him. He did not say what this information was, but the letter ended thus:

"I do not suppose I shall write again, but you may expect me a week after you receive this. I will get a carriage at Caudebec, and drive over. I take this journey because it seems to me that nothing can be so bad for our child as suspense; any certainty is preferable."

I wondered whether the abbé meant me to read that sentence; it seemed like a doom, but I did not say so, as I gave the letter back to Madame La Peyre, and she plainly read it differently.

"Perhaps he may bring Monsieur le Capitaine with him," madame says.

"Perhaps," and then I wish the week and more than the week was over, and that I knew the end.

That week seemed to go slowly, and yet the time itself did not hang heavily.

I had many friends in the village now.

There was the miller's wife, who used to chatter my head nearly off when I paid her charming mill a visit. When I was not too tired, her delight was to take me up to the top-story and show me the view over the Seine; and then, when I came down with my black skirts powdered with flour, she used to run away for a brush and come back screaming with laughter, a couple of pears in one hand, which mademoiselle was to eat while she brushed. But last year's pears were dry and withered, and the fresh ones in the Roussel orchard were not ripe. So to-day madame had given me instead a *galette*, which she said was delicious, but which I could not succeed in swallowing. When Madame Roussel turned away to scold her ugly maid Marie, I flung the *galette* to a long-legged black pig which had been curiously eying me.

I came home late and tired, and found Angélique at the gate.

"*Tenez*," she said—how bright a smile came over her dear brown face when she saw me!—"I feared mademoiselle was faint or ill, and Rosalie and I have made all ready for Monsieur l'Abbé, so I came to see for my child."

I was so tired that I had taken her arm, and she patted my hand tenderly as she spoke.

I had meant to keep my resolution a secret, but just now I felt drawn very close to Angélique.

"You dear old nurse," I said, softly, "suppose any one comes with the abbé and takes me away from Château-Fontaine?"

A struggle came in her face. I saw her lips quiver so that I had no longer strength to watch them—oh, how could I leave these two dear loving women and go away with a man I felt afraid of? I leaned on Angélique's shoulder and sobbed.

"*Allons, mademoiselle*," she says, briskly, but I see that she rubs her eyes vigorously with the knuckles of her other hand—"allons, what will monsieur say if mademoiselle has red eyes when he comes home?" A little pause, and then she says: "Mademoiselle will be brave and good, and then she will find happiness; it always lies on the road where we least look for it."

I cannot answer; I suppose I am weak and overdone, but I cry unrestrainedly when we reach the château. I kiss Angélique, and run away and bathe my eyes. None too soon. Almost before I have changed my dress, and arranged myself for dinner, comes the well-known grate which bespeaks an arrival.

I make as much haste as I can, but, as I reach the staircase-gallery, I see the abbé going into the *salon*.

It is daylight, but, though the abbé's back is toward me, I see the reflection of his tidings in madame's sad, scared face.

I do not know what I say; I find myself beside the abbé, grasping his arm with both hands.

He puts his hand on my head. "May God bless my child!" He speaks so tenderly that a certainty of evil settles on my heart. "My Gertrude, there is no definite proof; there is nothing—but I fear we shall never see our dear friend on earth again."

Then he places me gently in a chair, and



there is a long silence, only broken by the sobs of Madame La Poyre. I could not cry—my heart was frozen, and checked words and tears.

## POLITICS AT CHARLING WOOD.

MR. BRIERLY sat in his comfortable library—it was a beautiful room, fitted in black-walnut and crimson, with all the modern coquetties of low, bookcases, bronzes, appropriate photographs of ancient Rome—at least, of as much of ancient Rome as we possess now—with his feet toward a wood-fire, which sparkled and sung behind tall brass andirons, himself a very prosperous and happy man, with an income far above high-water mark, and with a wife who had an almost perfect temper. Mr. Brierly, who had no trouble in this world except that he never could find his paper-knife, sat and read these words:

"Here we are, this human race of ours, tossed upon this round ball of earth, naked and shelterless, and sent whirling through space, why we don't know, and whence we don't know, and whither we don't know—at least, I don't know. If there are any here who are so fortunate as to know, I tender to them my respectful congratulations. But, for my own part, I only clearly know one thing, and that is, that I don't know. All I am sure of is, that here we are, upon this bank and shoal of time, complicated organisms very easily put out of order, capable of exquisite and long-continued misery, and only capable of slight and evanescent delights, so surrounded by difficulties and perils that it is marvelous, not that any fall, but that any should get through life with tolerable ease and credit. Our race seems to me to be cruelly overweighted and burdened beyond its strength, and, like our dear *Othello* in the play, 'perplexed beyond extreme.' These things being so, our duty is perfectly clear and undeniable, and that is, to stand by one another."

Mr. Brierly read this passage twice. He knew the speaker well—a thinker, an historian, a man of broad and liberal opinions. Like many a luxurious conservative, Mr. Brierly liked to look from his safe, well-guarded tower of wealth, comfort, respectability, and security, and see what the scouts and sharpshooters were doing off on the edge of the debatable-ground. He read of human calamity, disappointed hopes, wrecked ambitions, all that pertains to the every-day fortune of the large majority of the human race, as we read of a typhoon at Hong-Kong, an earthquake in South America, a fire in Quito, or a famine in Persia—something very dreadful, no doubt, but not at all disturbing to Mr. Brierly's dinner.

The thoughtful and witty words of the lecturer sank deep into Mr. Brierly's heart.

There are moments in all our lives when certain seeds fall into an open furrow, the soil is prepared, and the grain germinates.

The fruit borne in Mr. Brierly's case was, that he thought he did not help along quite

enough in the bearing of his brother's burden. He had no mean penuriousness to blame himself with; he was a generous liver, and a generous giver, two things which rarely go together. He was a patron of all of the charities, and put a bill of handsome denomination on the plate every Sunday. Mr. Brierly was fairly entitled to think well of himself, as he recounted, at the end of the year, that portion of his income which went to help his less fortunate brother. But what did he do himself?

At that moment he heard the voice of his *factotum*, Nathan, an excellent Yankee, who performed on Mr. Brierly's handsome place the functions of head-gardener, general overseer, and director of the minor industries. This quaint creature was a great favorite with Mr. Brierly, and was permitted some intimacy in his private talks with the head of the establishment, "the captain," as Nathan called him to his fellow-servants.

"Well, Nathan?" said Mr. Brierly, interrogatively.

"Mornin', sir; they've been and run over Miss Brierly's best Alderney on the railroad-track with the dawn-train!" said Nathan, in the purest North-American dialect. Why should we not be as proud of a Yankee accent as the Italians are proud of their Tuscan?

"Is she killed?" said Mr. Brierly.

"Wa-al, naou, she ain't killed, but she's dreadful kind of discouraged."

"What has happened to her?"

"Wa-al, her hind-leg's broke, and her side's kind'er bruised; guess'd better shoot her?"

"Yes, certainly; put the poor beast out of her misery," said Mr. Brierly.

At this moment a young man of nineteen, a handsome youth, whose silky mustache was of very recent growth, came round the corner of the house with a gun in his hand.

"Here, Marmaduke, you had better go and dispatch poor Crumpy; she has been injured on the railway."

"What, shoot Crumpy?" said Marmaduke, who was just going off for partridges.

"O papa! is Crumpy to be shot?" said a clear voice over his head.

And Mr. Brierly stepped out on the lawn to hold a talk with his daughter Edith, who leaned her fair head out of the window at this tragic announcement.

The story of Crumpy's disaster soon brought Mrs. Brierly from some secluded nook, a handsome matron, who joined in the chorus of regret over the necessary death of her favorite.

"Go, Duke, and shoot her," said his father.

So Duke and Nathan walked off toward the track, where the gentle, pretty little Alderney, the family pet, she who ate out of her mistress's white hand every morning, lay, rolling her large eyes in her agony.

Mrs. Brierly and Edith retired to have a good cry. An event, and particularly one of a slightly tragic character, such as the death of a favorite animal, is talked of, thought of, and almost enjoyed, in a prosperous family like this, to whom has not yet come the sterner baptism of sorrow! Nathan came back full of admiration of Duke's true aim, his strong, manly way of putting the poor beast out of her pain.

"I tell you, Ann," said Nathan to the

cook, "thet's a man, thet is, that Duke of ourn. He felt real bad to shoot Crumpy; but I tell you, when he's got a job to do, he up and does it."

"A great fuss you make about that cow, when there's twenty or thirty left; how do you suppose they'd feel if it was the only one?" bitterly remarked Ann, who was of a sardonic nature.

"Now don't you go and be so cross, Ann," said Nathan, in a wheedling voice, for it was supposed that when he had laid up a little more, Nathan intended to offer his heart and hand and savings to Ann. "Don't you see, a pet anamile like this is a kind of a—kind of a—*favor-ite*!" said Nathan, at loss for an argument with which to propitiate bitter Ann.

"Yes; and I remember when one only cow was driven away because we got into debt and trouble, and my mother was a-dying. It makes me sick to see rich folks make so much fuss about nothing!" said Ann.

"Wa-al," said Nathan, "you and I can't help these things, as I say when I see the porsley a-gettin' ahead of me in the garden, I jest pulls and hoes, and hoes and pulls, and tries to do the best I can—and then, if I can't get ahead on it, I says, says I, 'There's many things I can't understand,' but I know lean-in' on the hoe and looking at it ain't a-goin' to do no good anyhow, so I jest hoes on till I feels better. One of these days, Ann, I expect you and I'll have some cows of our own, and then you won't have to work so hard!" and Nathan attempted a bucolic embrace, which was, perhaps, better received than his decidedly illogical and wandering attempts at conversation.

Ann, like Nathan, was a Yankee, and she had had all the severe suffering which comes to the poor, unfortunate farmer's family in New England—the same suffering which Wilkie has painted in "Distressing for Rent," and which Lady Anne Lindsay has immortalized in her ballad of "Auld Robin Gray." She had "capacity;" so for many years she had conquered Fate, and had led a prosperous and money-making career as Mr. Brierly's cook; but the iron had entered her soul. Had she been a lady, she would have been called "melancholy"—as she was a cook, she was called "cross." Perhaps the latter term was the most truthful for both: for is not "melancholy" a selfish feeling? and is not a studious and conscientious cheerfulness the highest and noblest of self-sacrificing virtues?

Nathan was one of Nature's philosophers: he took every thing as he did the "porsley"—patiently, and with a keen perception of the humor which is hidden even behind the tragedy of life—went off by himself to have a solitary grin at the contariety of fortune and the absurdity of events. He had three passions in life—one was to do his duty; another was to save money; the third was his master's son, Duke. This boy had grown up under Nathan's eye and hand, and he loved him with the faithful loyalty of a dog, with the intelligence of a man, with the fervor of a poet. The homely serving-man, going about his humble duties, felt his heart swell as he

saw that beautiful face and noble, tall figure appear. Whatever Master Duke did or did not do appeared right in Nathan's eye. Never by look or word or smile did Nathan betray this homage, but every one about the house knew that he was Master Duke's slave. Sometimes a furtive grin, which revealed one solitary tooth in front, and which grin he carefully rubbed off with one hand, came near to betraying Nathan; but he generally mastered it, and followed Duke round as if it were a painful duty. As for his love for Ann, that was not a passion; that was a gentle weakness, with which Nathan toyed. He admired her smartness, and gloried in her cookery; but he was master of himself. The god Cupid had not conquered Nathan. He was quite sure that no other suitor would interfere, for Ann had no personal charms. He wished sometimes that she would bring more cheerfulness to the evening kitchen fireside; but, then, a man cannot have every thing, so he counted his interest in the savings-bank, and determined to marry Ann when he got ready.

So much for the kitchen. In the parlor, Crumpy's death, and the propriety of having her horns mounted, as an ornament for the pretty tiled Dutch dairy—where Mrs. Brierly amused herself by having butter made (which cost Mr. Brierly two dollars a pound)—afforded this prosperous and happy family a subject for their evening talk. Edith could scarcely speak of her pretty favorite without tears, and even Duke said that Crumpy's dying look had taken the taste of the partridges out of him, while Mrs. Brierly was decidedly depressed.

"So much sorrow for a dead donkey!" says Thackeray, over Laurence Sterne. Yes; we must linger over one dead donkey, one dead cow, one dead dog! These are sorrows we can bear—they only storm our outposts, they only reveal the strength of the citadel within. These are our treasures which we throw to Fate, hoping to propitiate her. Alas! she takes no sacrifices of dead animals. She wants our hearts—our living hearts—to lay on her anvil, and to mould in the hot fires of suffering and pain, mortification and dismay.

The next day Marmaduke went off to college. It was in a neighboring town, and the separation was not to cost them dear, so that it was merely an agreeable ripple. Edith and her mother took their pleasant autumnal drives in a pony phaeton, and Mr. Brierly watched Nathan as he gathered in his pears and garnered his sheaves.

Often the words of the historian-lecturer came back to him, particularly this sentence:

"All I am sure of is, that here we are, upon this bank and shoal of time, complicated organisms very easily put out of order, capable of exquisite and long-continued misery, and only capable of slight and evanescent delights, so surrounded by difficulties and perils that it is marvelous, not that any fall, but that any should get through life with tolerable ease and credit."

Mr. Brierly looked around on his fair prospect, thought how he had married the woman of his choice, thought of his fine

children, looked at the pears and grapes, and wondered why any man had been led to write this striking and sorrowful phrase.

Just as he was pondering, the pony phaeton dashed up to the door, driven by Edith, and Mr. Brierly saw, with a sickening sensation, that his wife was not in it.

"O papa!" cried Edith, "we have had an adventure! We have found a young man thrown from his horse and badly hurt. Mamma has staid by him, and sent me for you and Nathan, and the Concord wagon. They are on the Liscomb road, a mile from town."

It was only Nathan who could have gotten the Concord wagon, one of the farm-hands, the horses, and a mattress, together in such incredibly short time. Mr. Brierly took the reins, and they soon reached Mrs. Brierly, who was bathing the young man's forehead with her handkerchief, which she was wetting in a little way-side spring.

"He is quite insensible, dear," said she, "but his heart beats."

When they carried the poor fellow into Mr. Brierly's house, Edith stood looking at him with such interest that another suspicious pain shot through Mr. Brierly's heart. Edith was seventeen—a beautiful, fair-haired creature, and as yet heart-whole. Mr. Brierly's composure began to be shaken.

The wounded and stunned young man turned out to be an Englishman, Mr. Henry Addison. His card-case revealed that fact, and his soon returning consciousness confirmed it. His collar-bone was broken. He was carefully treated, and kindly welcomed by Mr. Brierly, who soon found out all about him. As for Mrs. Brierly, she would not have asked further than that he was young, was hurt, and was the necessary recipient of her best nursing and superior beef-tea. Man has but to be dislocated, to become dear to every woman.

A few days after this accident, Mr. Brierly looked down his long avenue, to see coming toward the house four of the principal citizens of Liscomb, which was the postal-town, where Mr. Brierly deposited his letters and also his vote. The solemnity of Mr. Prentiss's face alone convinced him that they had come to ask a favor. Mr. Prentiss was Mayor of Liscomb, and a malapropos busybody. He was one of the few people whom Mr. Brierly disliked. He was accompanied by Judge Gridly, whom every one respected, and by two other solid men of Liscomb.

They entered and took seats in the beautiful library. None of them had such rooms as this, for Mr. Brierly was far richer than his neighbors; so they naturally looked around a little.

However, they were good, business-like men, and not to be diverted by the sight of an unwanted luxury.

"We have come, Mr. Brierly," said Mr. Prentiss, "to ask you to be our candidate for Congress. We want you to take the remainder of Perkins's unexpired term. We ask you to run as a friend to the new scheme for the Grand Annexation Canal Banking Company, in which the prosperity of Liscomb is so entirely involved. We know that you have not as yet any experience of public life, but we

believe that you can, if you will, help us in this matter, and worthily represent the constituency which we now offer you. It will be necessary for you to read up the statistics of the county, to take more interest in some vital reforms, such as the new road over West Mountain, and the brick pavement around the town-pump. We shall also expect large advances in money, to prepare the public mind, through a free and independent press, for the reception of a new and unexpected candidate like yourself, but—"

"Mr. Prentiss," said Mr. Brierly, angrily, "who has given you to suppose that I will take office? who has given you a right to address me in this way? Reading up statistics! bribing the newspapers, laying open my house to the world, my character to the investigation of every bar-room loafer who supposes or chooses to say that, because a man wears a clean shirt, he is therefore a villain in disguise! Who has given you any right, Mr. Prentiss, to use such patronizing language to me?"

The gentlemen were all astonished at Mr. Brierly's wrath. They knew that Mr. Prentiss was an old busybody; always putting the cart before the horse; always making terrible blunders; always treading on every man's favorite and most sensitive toe; but they had no idea that any American citizen would be so indignant at the announcement that he had been chosen as a probable member of Congress. This was several years ago, he it mentioned—let us say twenty or thirty.

Judge Gridly came forward (knowing all the time that he should have been the first speaker; but, as Mr. Prentiss was Mayor of Liscomb, of course he was, *ex officio*, the Grand Panjandrum of the occasion).

"Mr. Brierly," said the good judge, "we have come perhaps rather impressed by the thought that we were offering you an honorable and respectful compliment, but also deeply impressed with the idea that it would be a great favor to us if you would accept. We are aware that public station in this country offers nothing to men of your wealth and taste. There can be no object of personal gratification outside of such a home as this that you would find in Washington, but we have come to offer to you this position, hoping to appeal to your sense of duty. We have come, hoping that you will help us in a dilemma. We want a man of wealth, who can afford to take the position; we want a man of probity and honor, who will hold it against bribery and corruption, and against the insidious advances of old party ties, old party friendships, and, above all, against the plea of old party claims. We have thought to find such a one in you—in fact, Mr. Brierly, we want a gentleman to represent Liscomb, a man who shall go to Washington untrammelled and independent. It was once our good fortune, Mr. Brierly, to be represented at Washington by such men as you are, and we want that good time to come again."

Mr. Brierly could not but be moved by the old judge's courtesy and tact, but he was determined not to leave his retirement. He, however, promised to take the matter into consideration.

At tea Mrs. Brierly asked him what

brought these gentlemen out to Charlingwood from Liscomb.

"Oh, they came to invite me to run for Congress in Perkins's place."

"I hope you accepted," said Mrs. Brierly.

"No, indeed, I did not; I declined," said Mr. Brierly.

Now, Mrs. Brierly belonged to the Dolphin family, one of the few fortunate families in our country who have always been in politics, and always successful. To her public station meant what it should mean—an extended career of usefulness, a very agreeable amount of respect, much social position, and not too much publicity. Her grandfather and father had been public men, and she was a woman herself much interested in politics, and with great insight into men and their motives. People had always said that Mrs. Brierly was ambitious; that she wanted place, power, and influence. Mr. Brierly had given her every thing else, now it was in his power to give her all these. She determined that he should accept; so, of course, Mr. Brierly reconsidered his objections and accepted. Mr. Brierly was mortal, and he had married a very clever woman. She did not badger him or worry him, but she laid her hand softly on his arm, and began to talk about his talents—how she had always felt that they were not sufficiently known and estimated; how much she should like to have Duke see his father in public life; how gladly she would give Edith a few Washington winters; how she had felt for a long time that gentlemen were retiring too much from politics, and they, the fortunate inhabitants of Charlingwood, were leading too quiet a life; how she thought Mr. Brierly was getting a little rusty, and forgetting his old faculty for composition and his well-known knack at an after-dinner speech. Who knew, said this arch-conspirator, but that he had a great talent for parliamentary debate?

"Well, Marian," said the husband, "you wish me to accept, I see. Do you know what you are doing? You are bidding adieu to your quiet happiness and mine; you are becoming the property of Mr. Prentiss and the public; the papers will discuss our domestic relations, our looks, and our talents; all the opposition papers will be paid to abuse me, and my wife and daughter will be talked about as freely as if they were candidates, too; voters will invade Charlingwood at all hours of the day and night; your geraniums will be trampled down, and my pears will be stolen. We shall leave all our comforts here, and hire a very inconvenient house in Washington. Such is political success."

"Well, George, let us invoke disorder. Do you know that I felt a little ashamed at the unnecessary grief we all felt at the death of Crumphy? I thought how absurdly we were getting into a groove; how we were narrowing ourselves down into petty details, into 'journeys from the blue bed to the brown,' and neglecting to keep pace with the age we live in. I am afraid we have gotten very selfish, dear George. We are not doing our duty or helping along our less fortunate brother as we might." (Ah! was Mrs. Brierly striking that note, too? It began to ring loudly through Mr. Brierly's organization.)

"Then, I do not believe we shall be much attacked. My father and mother, and my grandfather and mother, lived all their lives in a public station. They did not suffer much."

"I know they did not, my dear; but times have changed. They lived in the days of a still-lingering aristocracy, and of a decent press. We live in the days of a dangerous and ever-increasing license, and of a rampant republicanism which mistakes vulgarity for equality. However, if you choose to accept this position, if you wish it, I will send an affirmative answer. Do not forget that I have warned you of the wrath to come."

It will be seen that Mrs. Brierly was made of sterner stuff than her husband; but she was not at all pleased when she read in the opposition paper the following paragraph:

"We hear that George Brierly has consented to run as congressional candidate for Liscomb. Well, George is fat and forty, with more money than brains, and is, we hear, considerably under petticoat government. He tries to 'do' the English aristocrat down at his farm, which he calls 'Charlingwood.' The only good thing we have heard of George is, that he has a very pretty daughter, who will undoubtedly cut a swell at Washington, should the very improbable accident happen of his election. He has a young cub who is being licked into shape at Handyside College, and who, we hear, gets drunk every night; and plays cards every Sunday; he is making George's money fly for him, almost as fast as are Messrs. Prentiss, Gridly & Co.—Is this the man you want, sweaty mechanics of Liscomb?"

Mrs. Brierly wished horsewhips to be freely applied, and even talked about pistols.

"Petticoat government!—no brains! Duke, the best boy that ever lived, described in this horrid manner! and this allusion to Edith! My dear, you must see to that; you must drive into Liscomb to-day, and have this fellow punished. Who can he be?"

"The editor of the *Liscomb Free Scourge*? Why, he is Ann's nephew. Don't you remember Joe Peters, who used to come to the kitchen to see Ann?"

"Why, certainly!"

"He is the editor, my dear. He has studied law, and been a low pettifogger in Liscomb for some time, and he is the opposition candidate for Congress. He has no chance of success, so this is his revenge. He speaks by the book, you see. He knows all about the house; he has often eaten in the kitchen; he owes us many dinners; he is giving us one in return! He has heard you berate me, undoubtedly, and he therefore assumes that I am under your thumb (as I am). He knows that he is a low villain, therefore he can insult my son and daughter with impunity; for, were I to answer or move in this matter at all, he but issues the word, and this insult, ten thousand times magnified, would go from Maine to New Orleans. No, Marian, I told you what was coming. Here it is. Now we must bear it silently and patiently."

"I will go out and discharge Ann!" said Mrs. Brierly.

"No, my dear, you must not—you must

propitiate Ann. Never by word or deed offend one of her class if you wish me success. It is to them we must look for our reputations and our happiness. They are our masters, so keep quiet."

Poor Mrs. Brierly! Mr. Brierly would have been more than human if he could have foreborne to tease her a little. He was a lazy man, exceedingly contented with his home, when the words of the Liberal lecturer and of the ambitious wife had come to pull him from his leathern easy-chair. Now caucuses claimed him, conventions needed him, men rang him up at seven in the morning, and then went away and talked of his late habits; Mr. Prentiss harrowed him, and a very dirty little man, the agent of the Republican newspaper, came daily into that secluded, elegant, neat library, demanding money, and affecting an intimacy which Mr. Brierly loathed.

What made it worse, too, was the fact that Mr. Brierly had found his paper-knife, so he could have read the magazines with perfect delight if he had not consented to run for Congress.

Meantime, Mr. Henry Addison had been slowly recovering. He had reached that stage of convalescence when he was able to descend to the library, sit in the bay-window and admire the sunsets, see Edith mount her pony for her morning ride, or admire her lithe figure as she played with two big, black Newfoundland dogs on the lawn. Mrs. Brierly had not yet allowed him entire liberty from the beef-tea and bandages, and a bit of plaster still covered a cut on his handsome forehead. He was read to by both ladies, petted and nursed by both, although Edith, of course, took only the ornamental share in the nursing.

Mr. Brierly had found that he was a poor young Englishman, who had come over here to be connected with a prominent New-York journal, and to make his living by his pen. He was in one of those interludes which often happen to such men, at this moment going through a suspension of occupations, had lost his old and had not gotten a new place, when kind Fortune threw him off his horse and into Charlingwood. One thing was certain: Mr. Henry Addison was a witty, well-educated, charming fellow. He was a gentleman, too, by birth and breeding—that he had betrayed in his illness. Further they knew nothing.

It looked a little as if Mr. Addison was not any too anxious to get any better, as if he would gladly linger in this luxurious home, where his breakfast was brought to him every morning on beautiful china, and where his cream-and-sugar was deftly disposed of by the prettiest pair of hands in the world. Poor fellow! it was a change, no doubt, in his Bohemian method of existence.

But Mr. Brierly was elected by an overwhelming majority. The *Liscomb Free Scourge* emptied itself of gall, and was silent until it could gather more; the last leaf had fallen from the trees, the wild autumn wind sighed round the corner of the library, and Nathan blew his fingers as he shut the garden-gate, for the iron latch began to feel cold. It was all over, this glorious summer,



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this lovely and mockingly beautiful autumn. Now had come the winter of Mr. Brierly's discontent, and he had to go to Washington.

Henry Addison gathered up his belongings, and prepared also to depart, when Mr. Brierly called him aside one day and asked him how he would like to be his private secretary.

This was a descent, perhaps, for the ardent young journalist, but he was delighted with the family, falling in love with Edith, and he determined to accept.

But, if Henry Addison was falling in love with Edith, he certainly behaved very well. He did not abuse his position by making love to her. He talked openly of his poverty, the struggle which was before him, and of his own impressibility, and his habit of falling in love, which was, he declared, like a perpetual catarrh to him. This way of joking with the most delicate of emotions has a very good effect on a young girl; it deprives a man of his most potent weapon, which is, in a young girl's eye, *mystery*. She loves to think of her hero as a gloomy Rochester, who is really concealing either a terrible crime or a remorseless passion for her. Love lies in every young maiden's breast asleep, but ready to be called, and the muffled knock is better than the high, honest, resounding one with which to awaken him. Henry Addison, either from principle, or indifference, or policy, refrained from wooing this young girl, even by the language of the eye; and her careful father and mother saw that the guest so hastily introduced did not intend to abuse their hospitality.

Edith was a beautiful and attractive young blonde, with a clearer head and a better education than fall to the lot of many of our young girls. She had had an excellent English governess, who was still her companion, Mrs. Traynor, and, although this lady had not made her as learned as the Princess Angelica in Thackeray's immortal story of "The Rose and the Ring"—who "could answer all of Mangnall's questions, and who knew every date in the history of Pafagonia and any other country, also French, Latin, German, Cappadocian, and Samothracian"—she still was much more delightful to talk to than most girls. She did not think Henry VIII. was King of Jerusalem, nor confound Godfrey de Bouillon and Gustavus Adolphus. She was, without pretension, a good French scholar, a good musician, and a charming water-colorist. Her manners had that sweet reserve of a girl who had been educated at home. She had no talk about beaux; but she had a pretty, playful wit, and danced like a fairy. She could sing an English ballad delightfully, and she had that natural talent for dress which made all her costumes, even those which did not come from Paris, seem but the natural plumage of the bird. Edith owned to Henry Addison, in a moment of confidence, that pink was her favorite color, and when he saw her rose-colored ribbons float past him, he thought of sunset clouds and seraphs sitting on them, or of angels floating in waves of delicate flame-color, or the "Roses on Bendameer's Stream," but if he thought of these things,

and so treasured them in his heart, he had the sense not to say so.

"You are drawing those nasturtiums all false, Miss Edith; you must put that bud into a better perspective," said he.

"No, I am not; it is you who have no eye, Mr. Addison," said Edith; "why, you thought Beppo" (the big dog) "was out of drawing, and Mrs. Traynor says he is very good—that I am quite a Landseer in my way."

"Mrs. Traynor is a prejudiced woman.—Now see me draw a nasturtium."

So Henry drew a dreadful nasturtium with his still stiff arm, and hid away his dreams under a hearty laugh.

Beppo and Sappho (the two dear, black Newfoundland dogs) had been drawn and painted by Edith in every possible attitude. She had just finished a picture of them to take to Washington with her, for papa had declared that their hitherto unblemished integrity should not be exposed to the air of Washington, which, even twenty years ago, was supposed to be insidious in its effects on the moral constitution. So Beppo and Sappho were to be left at home. The Leucadian poetess and the Byronic hero were to guard, in their absence, the lovely solitude which Edith, their Una, left behind her.

The family all enjoyed Washington in their different ways. To Edith it was a first winter of balls, and parties, and dear delights. She had just had an eighteenth birthday, and was a robust dancer. To Mrs. Brierly it was a charming succession of dinners, where her next-door neighbor might be Mr. Webster, or Mr. Clay, or Mr. Badger, of North Carolina, one of the most accomplished talkers who ever came to Washington, or Lord Napier, or Sir Henry Bulwer, for our story floats in a delightful ether of cloudy chronology, known only to romance-writers, and intends to baffle the Blue-Books as to the exact period of time when Mr. Brierly represented Liscomb in the councils of the nation.

To Mr. Brierly it was hard work and very annoying at first, but he soon got to like it. It is a laborious life to an easy-going man—a life in which he is everybody's slave, and in which he is always doing something for which he will probably be misunderstood and abused; but, after all, it is an exciting and amusing life. Men get very fond of it, and do not like to leave it.

Henry Addison made a model secretary. He and Mrs. Traynor did all the writing of notes and arranging of invitations together, and that worthy woman came to have a high opinion of him.

Then his learning and intelligence came in and helped Mr. Brierly in his more important work, for Mr. Brierly had grown uncommonly rusty, there was no doubt, in all these years. There was much reading-up to be done as to the politics of Europe, and the politics of our own land—there was much Sismondi and much De Tocqueville looked into. Mr. Brierly had read *generally*, and, with the seldom-found paper-knife, too much; this paper-knife reading of magazines is very agreeable, but not the best for a statesman; perhaps not the best of reading for him who would be a think-

er and a worker among men and events. Such men as Emilio Castelar have read of *things*, rather than of what men *think* of things, and he who deals with state-craft needs facts instead of opinions.

Henry Addison had won Mr. Brierly's confidence and regard, and therefore was in a position to ask a favor.

"Will you give me twenty minutes, sir, for a private talk?" said he, to Mr. Brierly.

"Certainly, Henry, what is it?"

"Mr. Brierly, it ill becomes one already so deeply indebted to you for favors to ask another; but I am compelled to help a sister, who is in deep distress, to try and get a living. She is a married woman, with a most unworthy husband, who is *not* trying to make a living. She has no help from him. My brother-in-law is perhaps as unworthy a person as can be found; he is a drunkard, and sunk in all the moral irresponsibility of that vice. My sister wants to get a place in one of the departments here as a copyist. Will you use your influence for her, and, what is more, will you kindly regard her application, her relationship to me, nay, her very existence, as a *secret*? It is not that we are ashamed to work, but her domestic sorrows she desires to hide from the world. We belong to very good people at home, Mr. Brierly, and my poor sister would fain hide herself even under a false name, as she does not wish to drag her husband's inability to support her before the small circle who know us here."

Mr. Brierly consented to help Mrs. Feunick, and gave her an interview at her hotel, a small and insignificant house in an obscure street.

Mrs. Feunick was a very beautiful young woman, with a high color and a pair of down-cast eyes. Her delicate English intonation, her ladylike manners, all interested Mr. Brierly; and, as she gave him her hand at parting, Mr. Brierly thought that the duties of a congressman were not always so disagreeable.

Mrs. Feunick was successful in her application, and Mr. Brierly received a beautiful note, in an English handwriting, thanking him, in rather unnecessarily sentimental terms, for the service he had done her, and requesting, in very urgent language, that her secret might not be mentioned to any one.

Mrs. Feunick's duties did not seem to be very exacting, for she had time to write a great many notes; and she had occasion several times to ask for advice, and to meet Mr. Brierly at the hotel; and it suddenly occurred to him that it was a little awkward to be keeping such a thing (of no importance in itself) from his wife, simply because he never had kept anything from her. It came over him rather strongly once, as he found himself shoving one of her unnecessarily sentimental notes out of sight as his wife came into his study, that it was an absurd situation, and he spoke to Henry about it.

"Henry, is there any reason why I cannot mention to Mrs. Brierly and Edith the case of your sister? I do not like to keep up an acquaintance of whom they know nothing, and they might help her, you know."

A blush, deep and painful, overspread Henry's face.

"Mr. Brierly," said he, painfully and hesitatingly, "I must beg that you will not. You little know how dreadful it would be to me. I have found in your family, for the first time, that recognition which is my right, but which I could not before receive in this country. I feel that to relinquish it is to take the bread from my mouth, and it must be relinquished if my sister's position is known. Then there is every reason on her side why it should not be known who she is, or what she is. Her husband, worthless being that he is, has expectations in England of a high character. They may again step back into the position to which they were born. If my sister's unhappy state in this country were ever known there, it would blight her prosperity. I beg of you, sir, to respect her incognito."

"How strange!" said Mr. Brierly. "In this country we think much better of a man, or a woman, for working. However, ask Mrs. Feunick not to write any more notes, nor to ask me to see her at Clayborne's Hotel."

"Yes, sir," said Henry, slowly taking a note from his pocket, "after this once. She is in trouble—threatened with dismissal—and she does ask you to see her this afternoon; after that, I am sure she will not trouble you further."

So good Mr. Brierly, pursued by Nemesis, went again to Clayborne's Hotel; and, as he came out, he met Joe Peters, of the *Liscomb Free Scourge*.

But politics and fair women, sentimental notes and private secretaries, went out of Mr. Brierly's head as he read a letter from Nathan, which he found on his desk, and postmarked Handyside College.

"DEAR SIR: I come to this place last Wednesday, obedient to a telegram. Mr. Duke is pretty sick, and considerable light hedded. I've done what I thought was write, but should like to see you and his ma. Not wishing to alarm,

"Yours to command,  
"NATHAN THOMLEY."

The Eastern train carried two heavy hearts toward Handyside College that night. Edith was left with Mrs. Traynor, as a telegram from the doctor pronounced Duke's disease to be typhoid fever.

For four weeks the parents had scarcely any other thought than that suffering boy. Nathan, in his stocking-feet, the most careful, loving, and attentive of nurses, had not left him day or night until they arrived, nor could he be hired or induced to leave him afterward, except for the shortest period. At length it looked as if the angel of death were appeased, and as if this creature, so built into the hearts around him, was going to be spared. Angry letters from Washington began to pour in on Mr. Brierly; his vote was needed—he was needed—so, turning from his sick son, he went back to Washington.

There he was met by a copy of the *Liscomb Free Scourge*, with the following paragraph:

"We are sorry to announce to the people of this vicinity that our representative in Congress is disgracing us in Washington. We had a knowledge of the weakness of his character, his want of brains, his pretensions to aristocratic refinement, and our readers will do us the justice to remember that we warned them against electing this man, but little did we know what a monster of licentiousness Liscomb was sending forth from her bosom! George Brierly has been detected in secret visits to Clayborne's Hotel, at Washington, where he meets a beautiful fair one, for whom he has obtained a situation, nominally, in the — Department, where she acts as clerk. Her name, and several of her letters, have been obtained, and further particulars can be learned at this office."

Mr. Brierly's blood ran cold. Here was a case which it would be most difficult to explain, even to his friends. For the first time, the whole extent of his weakness flashed across him. The consciousness of his entire innocence did not help him much, for he knew how little that was worth in the eyes of men. Mr. Brierly had no sin on his conscience, he merely had his reputation shaking before his eyes, shaking from the poorest, meanest, lowest of all possible earthquakes—a country newspaper, edited by a scoundrel—but he himself had helped to undermine the ground. He saw that now.

He went almost by instinct to the secret drawer, where he had left Mrs. Feunick's absurdly resounding epistles, and unlocked it.

They were gone.

He rang furiously for Henry Addison.

He was gone—and where? To New York with his sister. He had departed the night before, and had left a letter:

"MY DEAR MR. BRIERLY: I am sure you will be glad to learn that my brother-in-law has been called home, now some months since, to attend the relation whose death was to give him some property. Three days ago, my sister received some letters announcing the death of that person, and her husband's accession to fortune. It became necessary for her to hurry to New York to catch the steamer, and I was obliged to leave Washington with her. I saw her off for England, with proper escort, this day, and I shall return to you to-morrow.

"I left keys and papers with Mrs. Traynor, and, hoping that my brief absence may not have occasioned you inconvenience, shall be ready for work on Wednesday. I cannot sufficiently express my happiness in the recovery of Duke. It is, I hear, an assured thing.

"Ever respectfully yours,  
"HENRY ADDISON."

Mr. Brierly sent for Mrs. Traynor.

"Did any one enter my library during the absence of Mr. Addison?"

Mrs. Traynor said: "Oh, yes, sir, several gentlemen. One, a deputation from Liscomb, asked permission to go in and write you a note; another, Mr. Carey, of the House, went in one evening to look at a book; again, a man whom I rather hesitated to let in, but he had a written permission from yourself."

And Mrs. Traynor produced a note signed with Mr. Brierly's own name, and sealed with red wax, as was the fashion then in Wash-

ington, with Mr. Brierly's coat-of-arms impressed on the seal.\*

Mr. Brierly saw in all this the cunning and the knavery of Joe Peters. He had undoubtedly got in, in Henry Addison's absence, with the committee of the constituency of Liscomb. After that all was easy. Mr. Brierly's desk was not constructed on any very original pattern, keys could be easily brought to unlock it; and, alas! the rogue had found the sentimental and foolish letters of a silly woman.

The next issue of the *Liscomb Free Scourge* contained this paragraph:

"Further developments in the Brierly scandal: the lady fled to Europe with the private secretary as attendant; Brierly's money freely spent; false names used; extract from the lady's letters:

"DEAR MR. BRIERLY: How can I ever thank you sufficiently for concealing my name and secret?—were it ever known it would ruin me! My employment in the — Department is, of course, only for a time; thanks to you, it has been highly remunerative, at least to one who has suffered as I have.

"Yours,  
"GENEVIEVE."

"DEAR MR. BRIERLY: Could I see you to-morrow at Clayborne's Hotel? Come either early in the morning, or after the guests of the hotel have gone in to dinner, as I am naturally anxious to avoid observation.

"Yours,  
"GENEVIEVE."

And so on. Silly letters—letters which meant nothing, but which, read in print and in Liscomb, were damnable to Mr. Brierly.

He could not charge Mrs. Feunick with any coquetry, except that which always accompanies a pretty, foolish woman. He had nothing to charge himself with, except the first flush of pardonable admiration with which he had observed her beauty. Still less could he charge Henry Addison with any thing wrong; he had only been brotherly.

It was a case where nobody was to blame, and yet where everybody would suffer.

It would be impossible to describe Henry Addison's consternation when he read these atrocious libels. He was struck on all sides. His love for Edith had been growing, growing, and he did not think it was wholly unreturned. Of course, he had to conquer much before he could aspire to such a hand, but he believed himself on the high-road to a better position, and his sister's change of fortune had been one of the important advantages on which he had counted.

Then his sister! How it would dash all her claims to social position were this dreadful thing to be known in England!

Then his patron and friend, Mr. Brierly! The man so noble, so generous, so spotless, so utterly incapable of a mean action, how had he, Henry, repaid the hospitality, the kindness, the favors, the patronage of Mr. Brierly?

\* I should hesitate to introduce so clumsy and so improbable an incident into this narrative if it were purely fiction. But it is true that twice I knew this *ruse* resorted to in Washington to obtain an object. Once, a gentleman's seal was obtained improperly, and a note written and sent to a lady in his name by another hand!

He was clear-headed and right-minded enough to know that he must offer himself and his sister up as sacrifices, if necessary.

"One thing must be done, Henry," said Mr. Brierly; "you must go immediately to my wife; you must explain every thing to her; I never held a secret from her before. You remember I asked you for permission to explain your sister's position—"

But, before he could go further, there was a rush of umbrella and an aquascutum cloak into the room, a pair of familiar arms were thrown about Mr. Brierly's neck, and a dear and well-known voice said:

"I don't believe a word of it!"

It was Mrs. Brierly, as wet as a drowned rat, fresh from the railway-station; and, oblivious of carriages, she had rushed through the heavy April rain, just as she had rushed from Handyside College and her boy's sick-bed in the first conscious moment which she had known since the anonymous copy of the *Liscomb Free Scourge*, carefully forwarded to her, had unfolded its precious intelligence to her affectionate and astonished eyes.

"Take care of Duke, Nathan," said she. "I have to go on to Mr. Brierly. Who knows but he has taken the fever?"

Take care of Duke! Nathan Thomley knew how to do that, and was rather offended with Mrs. Brierly for suggesting it.

"So the captain's in trouble, is he?" remarked Nathan to himself. "Well, Joe Peters ain't so smart as he thinks he is" (for Nathan had not been forgotten in the distribution of the *Liscomb Free Scourge*). "Miss Brierly she'll be too smart for him anyhow, and I don't believe the captain's a fool neither!"

When this immense relief came to Mr. Brierly; when he felt those arms round his neck; when he heard that reassuring voice—he broke down entirely, and we may as well do as Henry Addison did, come out, and leave them, and shut the library-door behind us.

Henry went to Liscomb, told the whole story to Judge Gridly and Mr. Prentiss; an article was written for the *Liscomb Liberal* denying the scandal, and Joe Peters had a handsome libel-suit on hand, which went nigh to ruin him.

Mrs. Brierly, as soon as Duke was well enough, gave a splendid ball, at which Edith's engagement to Henry Addison was announced. They condescended to explain to a few friends the circumstance of Mr. Brierly's acquaintance with Mrs. Feunick, but they never told her real name, out of regard to Henry.

They behaved just as well as people could, yet that scandal never was killed. It traveled through all the opposition papers; Mr. Brierly's portrait and a fictitious one of the "beautiful clerk in the — Department" were put in the illustrated papers; Mr. Prentiss never failed to allude to the circumstance when he dined with them; and behind a guarding hand to this day every one who envies Mr. Brierly his pears, and peaches, and irreproachable lawn, says:

"There was a scandal, you know, at Washington. It was bought up and hushed up, but I suspect Mr. Brierly was vulnerable. He never has been the same man since."

And that is true. Mr. Brierly sits in his library now, an older, wiser, sadder man. He served several years in Congress, for he was not one to run away, but he felt that his ermine was smirched. Liscomb has great reason to remember his wise, liberal, and pure congressional labors; every one who knows him well believes his version of the story; but how few know as well or love as well!

Henry Addison is a prominent journalist now, and his political friends say that he is too careful of men's reputations; that he does not carry on his paper with that spirit and power which are so necessary. "A little more spice would not hurt the *Evening Palladium*," some of his patrons say, but Henry is firm. He has seen one instance of the wrong that a newspaper can do, and he is not to be cajoled or persuaded to join the ranks of the slanderers.

Perhaps the innocent, silly cause of all this, she who for a few years masqueraded as Mrs. Feunick, has suffered least of all. She showed spirit and industry when she tried to work for herself and her husband, but even then she could not help writing foolish notes. She writes them now, on beautifully-tinted monogram paper, and they are very much admired in May Fair. Of her husband, the possessor of a very large fortune, and a good club-man, they say: "Oh, he was a little wild, you know; sowed some wild oats in the States, I believe; good fellow now; lives a little too high; charming woman, his wife, though; very pretty still; has such a winning way of dropping her eyes, and writes a very pretty note," and the speaker taps the left lapel of his coat, as if there might be one under that especial square inch of best broadcloth.

"What profession shall I choose, papa?" says handsome Duke, as he sits with his father in the beautiful library, where Mr. Brierly and his faithful wife (both now with powdered heads) are again at ease.

Mr. Brierly taps his forehead with the recovered paper-knife, and muses for a while.

"Duke, do you remember the day you shot Crumpy, seven years ago?"

"Yes, perfectly," said Duke.

"Well, Duke, on that day I read a very striking paper. It contained these words:

"All I am sure of is, that here we are, upon this bank and shoal of time, complicated organisms very easily put out of order, capable of exquisite and long-continued misery, and only capable of slight and evanescent delights, so surrounded by difficulties and perils that it is marvelous, not that any fall, but that any should get through life with tolerable ease and credit. Our race seems to me to be cruelly overweighted, and burdened beyond its strength, and, like our dear *Othello* in the play, 'perplexed beyond extreme.' These things being so, our duty is clear and undeniable to stand by one another."

"These words seemed to be a reproach addressed to me here in my beautiful home—my ancestral Charlingwood, where I had brought your mother, and where I had been so happy. I had had no sorrows—no disappointments. Crumpy's death seemed a large thing in those happy days; so, in a fervor of newly-awakened virtue, I took the first dis-

agreeable duty that came to me. You know what it was, and you know what it led to, and what I have suffered, and what you have suffered. You know that in Europe you have been taunted with the scandal which was so falsely attached to my name.

"Now you have the law open before you—the profession most to your taste—and with it, or without it, politics; or you have politics alone, or you have Charlingwood and the life of a country gentleman—you must remember that, with action, will come a higher, broader, nobler existence, accompanied by much pain, much misrepresentation; with the life of a country gentleman, indescribable happiness, but perhaps some selfish ease, and some narrow-mindedness—you must choose, my boy!"

Marmaduke mused long into the night, and determined to go out next day and see Nathan, who had by this time become a prosperous farmer on his own account. Mr. Brierly had given him a farm after Marmaduke's recovery, and Nathan, having extorted a promise from Ann that she would never speak to her nephew, Joe Peters, again, had led her to the hymeneal altar, and placed her as presiding goddess over his new cooking-stove.

As Duke approached the house, a small boy, bearing a flagrant resemblance to Nathan, opened the gate for him. He seemed to be beginning life with the one tooth which, in Nathan's mouth, made darkness visible—which increased the resemblance.

Ann rushed to meet him, wiping her mouth, her hands, and a chair, on her apron. All four, mouth, hands, chair, and apron, are spotless, but the instinct of cleanliness was powerful with Ann.

Nathan came in, carefully wiping off his grin, and they had a delightful talk.

"I see Joe Peters is elected to the senate, Nathan," said Duke, smiling.

"Yeas," said Nathan, "and 'e ain't none the less ashamed of him for that. He's gone off and settled in a new State, where they hain't found him out yet."

"Well, Nathan, they want me to go into politics. What do you say to my trying that particular field of usefulness?"

"Wa-al, I'd go, Mr. Duke, and I'd see if I couldn't do as well as Joe Peters. 'Tain't very good company to be in, but I guess the gentlemen's got to see to things some, for if they don't, I dunno where we are a-comin' out. I know your father suffered some, but he was a kind of a saint, and bound to suffer some. You have got the blood of the Dolphins in you, and they made pritty good public men, and didn't care much. I allers notice, Mr. Duke, that men has got to take it somewhere; the goin' through life so smooth as your father begun don't last. Ann, she got kind o' mad, when Crumpy died, because you all felt so bad; but she felt as bad as anybody when the real trouble came, and she see how well you all have borne it."

So Duke went home and took Nathan's advice. He and Joe sit in the same senate-chamber, and my reader can judge which is the most influential man. I fear it is Joe.

M. E. W. S.



## DERVISHES OF THE DAWN.

CUSTOMS survive the circumstances and the necessity which engendered them. When these have passed, those are kept up as if there were some inherent reason for their continuance. The verity of this is palpable in social life, largely ruled, as it is, by traditions and precedents resting on nothing but the fact that they have been. Rational habits are governed by time, place, and surroundings. What was good in the past may be ill in the present. The wisdom of the Old World may be the folly of the New. The need of the country may be the superfluity of the town.

Getting up early was once a virtue—nay, more, it was a need; the very need, perchance, composing its virtuousness. The dark ages were literally not less than figuratively dark. They had no adequate means of illumination. People went to bed because they could do nothing else. They got up bedtime for the reason that they could sleep no longer, and that such work and play as they had must be dispatched by daylight.

Even in the golden era of Greece, when Solon gave laws, and Pericles beauty, both labor and pleasure were originally bounded by the dawn and dusk. The polite and artistic Athenians knew little of the poetry of the night, save in their dreams. Plato tells us, in his "Symposium," and other Dialogues, how Alcibiades maintained his revels until the east blushed over the visible dissipation of his youth and genius; how Socrates discoursed of things human and divine while the stars lingered to listen. But these were the exceptions. The heroes and philosophers were like demi-gods—they were such, indeed—living above the level of common mortals. The great mass of the citizens so respected *Nûf* that they bowed their heads (with drowsiness) in her solemn presence. They went to their business, to their councils, to the theatre, in the early flushes of the morning, and surrendered occupation with the going down of the sun. Half of what we enjoy they dedicated perforce to oblivion. They were unacquainted alike with racking toil and the ravishing delight of the hours that are silenced with shadows.

For centuries the reign of Night continued. It is but recently she has been completely overthrown. This is the period of perpetual day. We are no longer dependent on sun, moon, or stars. Light has come to us in many ways, with many imports; it extends to every corner of civilization; it sweeps in growing glory round the world. The greatest light is the greatest progress, the broadest culture, the highest humanity. Its material form symbolizes its spiritual diffusion. The blazing of gas denotes the combustion of worn-out creeds, of old injustices, of tyrannical terminology. The civilized globe is now in a state of perpetual illumination—physical, mental, and moral. It might have more; it will have—the radiance rapidly increases—but, hitherto, there never has been anywhere a tinge so much as there is at present almost everywhere. The prevailing cant

is to decry, to belittle, to-day, although to-day is worth the yesterdays of all time—yesterdays which have been idealized because they are dead; yesterdays which are apostrophized and longed for because there is no hope of their return.

In this era of light there are those who do not recognize that the darkness has been dispelled. Their souls dwell with the buried centuries; they cling tenaciously to the customs of their forefathers; they carry pastoral ideas into urban communities. One of these is the need of early rising. They insist that every man should be up with the sun: trying to smother the fact that the sun is always up, and cannot be otherwise. Doubtless, it would like to lie down if it could, and take a long sleep after its endless aeons of watching. The sun must be very tired of being brilliant, and of being brilliant without the least approach to rivalry. If it but knew how incessantly it is employed as an example, how priggish it is made to appear, it would wish to be something else, or to change its name at least. For ages it has been quoted against every luxurious fellow, every sleepy child, who hates to get up when lying down is so much pleasanter.

The whole human family has been importuned from time immemorial to be early astir in order to see the splendid luminary rise! Who cares about its rising? What recks it about any one seeing it? It can rise without any assistance. It would not rise at all, I dare say, if it could help it. Why should we rise when we can help it? And, then, what is there so wonderful in its vision? It is very well, to be sure, in its way; but not in our way—as it frequently is, especially when we are brought to do something disagreeable on its account. There may be sovereign satisfaction in Orient Sol for seven or eight hundred times; but after one has reached one's maturity, and been favored with the spectacle every morning of every week, month, and year, the bloom on the fruit of novelty begins to rub off.

It seems to me that I have been seeing the sun rise for innumerable decades. I have had that felicity on the ocean, on the mountains—Alleghanies, Alps, Apennines, Pyrenees—from the bosom of earth, from the back of a camel, from the domes of St. Paul's and St. Peter's, from the leaning towers of Pisa and Bologna, from the picturesque calm of Lucerne and the blue beauty of the Mediterranean, from the crater of Vesuvius and the summit of Mont Blanc, from the spire of the Antwerp Cathedral and the car of a balloon, and I must confess that the exhibition is not at present above the suspicion of monotony. I have tested the question that, if the chief object of getting up early be to outdo the sun, we might as well lie abed. The centre of the planetary system has never shown the slightest appreciation of my efforts in its behalf, extending through the greater part of an ill-spent life. I have resolved, therefore, not to assist at the spectacle again—unless I should happen to be blown up on a steamboat at an unseemly hour of the morning, in which case I submit that I should be relieved of any participative criminality of deliberate intent.

The conservatives aforesaid are fanatically fond of quoting—

"Early to bed and early to rise,  
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise."

That distich, bad as it is, ought to pass for poetry, since it is not truth. I have never known one of the enthusiast bed-forsakers and repeaters of the stereotyped couplet to be healthy, wealthy, and wise.

Some of them have been healthy, unfortunately—for, if they had been invalid, they would have been obliged to keep in bed, and so have been prevented from going about proclaiming their tedious resurrection.

Wise they are not, certainly. If they had been, though they might not have slept until a righteous hour, they would have refrained from boring all their acquaintances with the iteration of the fact that they never did any thing of the sort. A sage does not revel in the possession of but one idea; and an habitual early riser is very apt to.

Wealthy they are not; and I could readily understand why. They were too much occupied with the life-long abandonment of their pillow to form any accurate conception of business, or to give it any portion of the attention it demands for the attainment of success.

A quoter of proverbs appears ordained of Nature to disprove them in his own person; just as men who cannot pay their debts always have financial schemes, by the adoption of which the world shall infallibly grow rich.

When you hear any one rehearsing those rhymes, you may be sure his rehearsal is a satire on himself; that it is either a kind of self-consolation for complete failure, or an encouragement to you to do as he has done, in expectation of a different result.

Early risers, so far as my observation extends, seldom succeed. I can discover no particular reason why they should not, if they have sufficient virtue to counterbalance their particular vice. But they do not generally. Happily, they are always ahead of opportunity; when Prosperity calls on them, where she rationally expects to find them, in bed—they have quitted it, and so avoided her good intentions.

The examples of a few old misers are perpetually adduced to illustrate the immediate connection between dressing at dawn and making a fortune. The former had little to do, I opine, with the latter. The niggards, probably, got up regularly, because they imagined that somebody, who had gone to bed later, had dropped a cent which they might find. It is quite possible they had encountered a penny in their boyhood, under such circumstances, and that that had established their habit. Examples, like proverbs, cause a deal of harm. Be an example and a proverb to yourself, and you may be benefited thereby!

Early rising may be of advantage in rustic regions; I am not unwilling to admit that it is. Farm-work must be attended to by daylight. In farm-houses there are usually few enticements to keep a tired person out of bed; and he who lies down at eight or nine in the evening cannot conveniently or conscientiously lie until the same hour the next

morning, unless he has had the proverb quoted at him uninterruptedly for five or six years. Folks in the agricultural districts turn in and turn out early in self-defense. It is not merely the proper, it is the only, thing to do. No sensible mortal can object to their entire obedience to their inclination. If they know not what is best for them, they know what is least disagreeable, and this argues a degree of sapience.

When they come to abide in the city, however, as they often do, and try to engraft their bucolic habits upon their urban acquaintances, they grow to be perforators of a pronounced type. To wonder and inquire why their associates sleep so late is commonly one of their ineradicable weaknesses. What they regard as sluggishness troubles them immeasurably; they appoint themselves champions of early rising, and, by mistaken zeal, worry those about them almost to death. It seems impossible for them to understand that they have quitted the green fields and babbling brooks, the furrowed acres and the teeming barns of their primeval home. They talk and act as if Broadway were to be planted with potatoes, and Fifth Avenue to be mowed; as if the Academy of Music required immediate drainage, and the Stock Exchange were to be subsoiled. Hearing of young men going on a lark, they think that being up with the lark is the best method of counteracting the evil. They will not be persuaded that they are not losing valuable time in bed; that the City Hall demands not their presence, and Union Square their supervision. The interests of the Bowery should be looked after; Mackerelville requires their coöperation. To their rustic mind, vainly transplanted, there is no divergence between Manhattan and the hamlet they have relinquished. They have changed their residence, but not their wont; their atmosphere, but not their taste.

In town it is of no avail to be astir in order to welcome Aurora's advent. She comes not for you, not for any human creature. She comes by compulsion. All Nature rises from necessity; man alone rises from election. Nothing can be accomplished in what the country reckons as the reasonable hours. Here the most unpleasant part of the day is between dawn and eight o'clock. If you get up, you scarcely know how to pass the time, except you read, and most of us weary of reading, without getting up for that purpose. You can find nobody before ten. Prior to that the streets and pedestrians are uninviting. Sweeping, dusting, scrubbing, taking down shutters, are the general employments. If you go out, you are annoyed; if you stay in, you are bored. You regret you have left your couch, and you propose to lay wagers with yourself that you do not repeat your folly. Your self knows you, and declines to take you at any odds. Mayhap you have been induced to rise irregularly by the energetic iteration of the rural raven that has alighted within the city's gates. If so, you mentally consign him to Tartarus, and seal your ears against his future pleading with the memory of your hateful experience.

That there are procurers of pleasure from early rising, even in the city, is undeniable.

I have seen them, and been assailed by them on their favorite topic. Otherwise I might be skeptical of their existence, since early rising in town is so patent an anachronism, and so superlatively illogical. They do not always hail from the country, either. Maugre their metropolitan training, they have inherited some pastoral prejudices, of which early rising is the most formidable. They like to emulate the sun; they may fancy that, because they are sons, they must cope with their elder brother, unmindful that he cannot fail to outshine them. Surely it is their right to surge as suits them. They are welcome to sit up all night in order to be up in the morning, or to employ a patent spring to throw them out of bed at the peep of light, or to insure promptitude by incubating nettles. Such gratification is legitimately within their province. It would be tyrannous to oppose them. In a free land a man is entitled to do every thing he wants to, provided he does nothing that interferes with what we want to do. That is the utmost stretch of individual liberty.

The sound argument against the professional early riser (he is nearly always a proselytizer) is his determination that you shall either follow his example or be sermoned to the verge of desperation. "Get up when you please, and let me do the same!" You may reprove thus again and again. Howbeit, he is inclined to return to his admonitions with a pertinacity equal to that of the self-appointed missionary who, seeking to save your immortal soul, only proves himself an immortal bore. If you be resolute, undaunted, so far as counsel extends. But, then, he will hector you with his example, laboring to make you feel that you are an oaf and a miscreant through your unwillingness to copy him. Every morning he will inform you solemnly of the hour he arose; of the fact that, before you were up, he had read all the newspapers, had been up or down town, had gone to market, had walked six miles round the back-yard, had been bitten by a hundred mosquitoes, had angered the servants by waking them, had seen the fires go out three times, had had his ears frozen, had tumbled over the hat-rack in the dark, had been insulted by a drunken fellow in the streets, had fallen down two flights of stairs, or had had some other delightful experience. You may be too dull to perceive in those incidents any special reward for enterprise, in which event he will pity you the more, and add that he has had ample time to be carried to the station-house by the brutal policeman of the beat, to hang himself and be sat on by a coroner's jury, or to be shot by you under the misapprehension that he was a burglar.

You are likely to be moved by the last statement, for you have really meditated that sort of homicide as the sole and safest means of getting rid of your matutinal lecture. Moreover, you will acknowledge your belief that burglars are the only persons who have any excuse for prowling about private residences before any one is up, and that their imitators, however honest, ought to receive similar treatment. By-the-by, there are not a few

instances of early risers who have been penetrated by bullets under mistakes of that sort. Still, the members of the clan have not been dissuaded from night-walking. They are monomaniacal in the cause. They will brave a thousand deaths for the glorious privilege of getting up in order to rehearse the unseemly hour of their resurgence. It is trifling (from their point of view) to think that a score of those enthusiasts should be picked off where one has any chance (he seldom embraces the chance) of achieving his aphoristic health, wealth, and wisdom. Perhaps the lines should be so amended as to read—

Early to bed and early to rise,  
Makes of a man a sacrifice.

A freer and more respectable rendering would be—

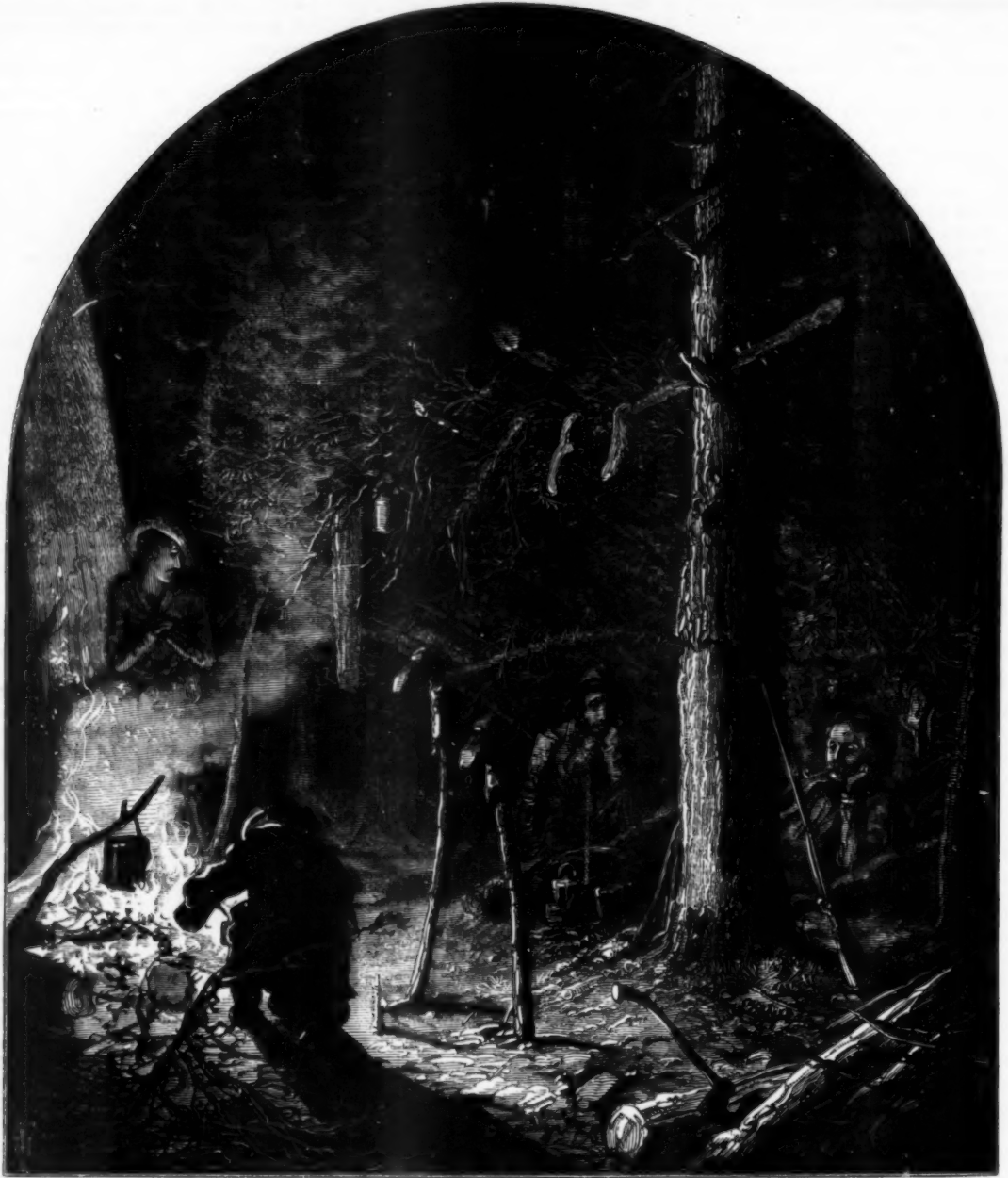
At th' early riser forbear to scoff,  
For he is sure to be popped off.  
He greets the dawn, is free from sin—  
A wandering herald with a bulletin.

The professional early riser (no blame should be attached to the man who gets up when he has to) is naturally a prig of the anti-somnolent sort. He conceives that his habit bestows on him a moral superiority, which mortals, amorous of sleep, can never hope to attain. He rises when he has nothing in the world to do—on principle, as he is fond of asserting. You must have observed how patronizingly he greets you when you descend to breakfast, just as it is ready; with what unction he declares that he has been up three hours; how inordinately proud he is that not a servant had stirred when he was completely dressed.

To every member of the household he puts the question, "When did you rise?" and, on learning, he attempts to crush him or her with the heroic difference that exists between some people and others. A favorite interrogatory is, "Are you up?" or, "How do you happen to be up?" as though you had been in bed since you were born, and he were startled at your apparition.

He is fond of talking about sleepers. He is not satisfied to use the vulgar similes of "sleeping like a log," or "like a top." He adds thereto a marmot, a dormouse, the enchanted princess; is familiar with Constantine, John, Denis, Serapion, and the other youthful Ephesians who slumbered in the walled-up cavern for nearly two centuries. You might infer that he considers somnolence a crime, and the weasel the noblest of animals. Whether he does or not, he sleeps more than almost any one else—more even than those he reproves for sluggishness. He gets up for the reason that it is impossible for him to lie any longer; so that his virtue, like the sun's, is obligatory. His custom is to piece out the day with naps; to seek the sofa or the lounge after breakfast, before luncheon, between luncheon and dinner, and subsequent to dinner. In this way he fortifies himself for the serious and solely important business of life—getting up at an unhallowed hour of the morning. All things are bent to that end. No other object is worthy by comparison. He is, in truth, the Dervish of the Dawn.

JUNIOR HENRI BROWNE.



THE CAMP.

## AT NIGHT IN THE WOODS.

OVER us bends the solemn night;  
 Deep in the wild, thick woods are  
 we;  
 Streaming, the camp-fire casts its light  
 On the bush-shanty, bared earth, and  
 tree.  
 Odors tell of the coming meal;  
 Peace and content the bosom sway;  
 Who in the forest can sorrow feel?  
 Midnight as well usurp the day.

Memory, come with thy kindling spell!  
 Bid late happy days once more wake;  
 Nightly campings of bank and dell,  
 Daily trackings of stream and lake.  
 Spoils of run-way and brook are ours,  
 Nature's gifts of delight and health;  
 Real alone these forest bowers;  
 Shadows, the toys of fame and wealth.

World, thou seemest an outside sphere!  
 Man is absent with all his woe—  
 Man is absent, but God is here,  
 Watching with guardian love below.  
 Hark to the woods in their blended sound!

Is it by him our souls are stirred?  
 God, who speaks in the thunder's bound,  
 Soft in the "still small voice" is heard.

Soon will the hour of slumber come;  
 But in the camp-fire's genial blaze  
 Let not mirth on our lips be dumb;  
 Troll out one of our wild-wood lays.  
 Let our gladness be full and deep;  
 Let Hope whisper us blithesome dreams;  
 Till, from our quiet and balmy sleep,  
 New joys waken with morning's beams.

ALFRED B. STREET.

*Very Good*

*Very Good indeed*



## THE CAFÉS OF PARIS.

"EAT, drink, and be merry," is the voiceless yet alluring invitation of the gay, brilliant, and many-windowed institutions of the above character, which lend to the boulevards of Paris half their splendor and more than half their gayety. See them on a bright, warm day in spring, when every available inch of sidewalk which the law permits consumers to filch from promenaders is occupied by little round iron tables, at which sit well-dressed men and elegantly-attired ladies, each with an ice, a *chopine* of beer, or a little *flacon* of brandy, accompanied by a *carafe glacée*, before them. See them, too, at night, when, radiant with gas, they allure the passer-by to stop and take some slight refreshment, either in their dazzling *salons*, or, if it be a warm night, under the stars outside. Then will you, O foreign spectator, declare that one of the brightest and gayest features of Parisian life is its beautiful and tempting *cafés*. The plate-glass and gilding on the side toward the street, with soft, velvet-covered sofas and convenient little marble-topped tables within, they look the very home of pleasant and comfortable enjoyment.

But it is not with these less important establishments that we wish to deal in this article, but with those greater houses, more properly called restaurants, whose fame is world-wide, and whose banquets form one of the celebrated attractions of Paris. The *cafés* only supply ices, drinks, and the lighter refreshments. It is to the great *cafés-restaurants* that one must turn if a dinner or a supper be in question. And the traveler who, coming to Paris, lives wholly at an hotel, need never fancy that he knows anything about Parisian cooking, any more than he would be acquainted with art in Paris did he never visit the Louvre, the Luxembourg, or the Salon des Beaux Arts. And, unfortunately, these palaces of the palate are passing away from off the face of the earth. One by one the celebrated restaurants are disappearing, and no new ones arise to take their places. Véry, once renowned wherever good eating was studied as a science, that had a branch house in London, and gave a name to a vaudeville ("Un Garçon de chez Véry"), has long since become extinct. Its greater neighbor and rival, Les Trois Frères Provençaux, which, like itself, was situated under the arcades of the Palais Royal, was longer lived. It was first founded by three brothers, real Provençaux, named Maniell, who established themselves in three small *salons*, simply furnished and sparingly lighted, where exquisite dishes and superb wines were served, and which soon became the rage. In a few years the brothers, having made their fortune, retired as quietly as they had arrived. Their successors in business enlarged, gilded, and decorated the now celebrated restaurant; several of them were ruined; others, like the founders, made fortunes and retired; but, through all vicissitudes, the house preserved its ancient reputation for admirable cooking and unparalleled wines. The up-stairs *sa-*

*lons*, where wedding-parties and banquets—costing from fifteen francs to fifty francs a head—were given, were very handsome, and, opening as they did on the beautiful, airy garden of the Palais Royal, they had the advantage of an unrivaled location. There, in the spring of 1870, a Russian nobleman gave a dinner which surpassed in splendor and luxury any thing ever before seen even at that world-renowned restaurant. The partitions dividing the rooms on the first floor were all removed, and the walls of the vast apartment thus obtained were hidden by masses of flowering plants and shrubs, behind which a superb orchestra was stationed, and living canary birds, attached to the trees by slender silver wires, flew and warbled in seeming freedom among the branches. The banquet itself exhausted the inventive genius of cooks and caterers, and comprised not only every delicacy that was in season, but, what was more to the purpose, every delicacy that was out of season, including peaches, watermelons, and other forced fruits. This was the last of the festivals of the far-famed Trois Frères. The war and the Commune dealt it its death-blow. It came forth from the siege with its unrivaled wine-cellar exhausted, and its proprietor well-nigh ruined. That was the last of the great restaurant. To-day, Fontana, the jeweler, displays his diamonds and pearls on the spot where the marvels of the culinary art were once enjoyed. Let us drop a tear to the memory of Les Trois Frères Provençaux, and then let us turn to other things.

It is said that the expenses of these great houses are so enormous that the utmost care and good management are required on the part of the proprietors to avoid total ruin. Before the war the expenses of one of them were calculated as follows: rent, say fifty thousand francs; lighting, twenty thousand; washing, fifteen thousand (the table-linen is always immaculate in its purity); heating, six thousand; renewal of table-linen, twelve thousand. It has been calculated that a napkin cannot be used more than forty times; after that it is taken to envelop chestnuts or truffles, and then disappears. As to wages, the chief cook receives a salary of five thousand francs; the second cook, or chief of the sauces, three thousand; the chief of the side-dishes, as much, and so also the roaster. Then comes the innumerable army of aids to all these chiefs—the trussers and larders of poultry, the preparers of fish, etc. Every one, chief and aid alike, works with head cropped close as scissors can cut hair, and wears a white cap; one hair would dishonor the kitchen forever. Then come the polisher, the silver-cleaner, the knife-man, who spend their lives in cleaning, polishing, and burnishing. Add to this army the stewards, the waiters, the clerks, the linen-keepers, the butler and his aids, and one can easily see how vast must be the daily expense before so much as a roll or an egg is purchased for the day's provisions. As the above sums were calculated before the war, it is but natural to imagine that they are now even greater. Then imagine the care and judgment that must preside over the choice of the supplies that go to make up the three hundred dishes which the

*carte* of a first-class Parisian restaurant always offers to the consumer, and the difficulty of foreseeing the possible or impossible caprices of every whimsical *blasé* or prejudiced customer, and one can easily see that it requires no small amount of skill and intelligence in order to enable a man to keep a restaurant successfully in Paris. No wonder that, what with the increased taxes and the increased price of provisions, the great *cafés* are passing one by one away.

There is one point in which the Parisian restaurants always seemed to me sadly overrated, and that is, in the splendor of their appointments. To our transatlantic eyes, accustomed to the glitter and grandeur of our magnificent hotels, their large *salons* and little private rooms (*cabinets particuliers*) appear somewhat dingy and shabby. Faded frescoes and tarnished gilding, well-worn sofas covered with faded plush, mirrors scrawled over with names and dates by by-gone generations of revelers, such are the embellishments one generally meets with. But the table-linen is always of good quality, and is given to you fresh and crisp as it came from the laundry; and every plate, cup, knife, and fork, though not of rich material or of costly design, fairly shines with that cleanliness which is the best and most dainty of luxuries. Then every dish is brought to you hot, and is served irreproachably, so that you cease to miss, if indeed you ever did do so, the splendid decorations and costly appointments of which you had dreamed.

The Parisian restaurant is only a little over one hundred years old. Just before the war it might have celebrated its centennial, for the first one was founded by a person named Lamy, in 1770, in a dark passage near the Palais Royal. Here dinners were modestly served on oak tables, without tablecloths, and covered with oil-cloth—a small beginning to so great an industry. In 1830 the *cafés* were at the height of their glory; if not in excellence, at least in number. In those days the Boulevard des Italiens possessed five, among them the celebrated Café de Paris. The Restaurant Quiney, on the Boulevard St.-Martin, was considered one of the best in Paris. In the Passage Vivienne was to be found the Café Grignon. The Rocher de Cancale, in the Rue Montorgueil, was said to be the very first in the city as regarded its cooking. The Palais Royal, then in the height of its popularity, was the site of five renowned restaurants, and among them Véry, Vefour, and Les Trois Frères. In other parts of the city were to be found other well-known restaurants—some celebrated for a specialty, and others only known for their general excellence. But the lapse of nearly half a century has wrought great changes. The Café de Paris is to-day a tailor's shop, and the Restaurant Quiney is an *estaminet*, that is, a lower type of *café*, where the consumer can smoke and play billiards. Grignon and Véry have disappeared, and handkerchiefs are sold on the spot where once stood the Rocher de Cancale. But there are enough yet left wherein one may pamper one's palate, and empty one's purse at leisure.

The Café Riche, one of the most cele-

brated of the existing restaurants of to-day, is situated at the corner of the Rue Lepelletier and the Boulevard des Italiens. It is one of the oldest and best-frequented in Paris, and is also one of the most expensive. Its wines and *cuisine* have a world-wide celebrity, and among the former it counts Sauterne of 1819, Côte d'Or of 1811, and a large supply of the Burgundies of 1858, a celebrated year. The kitchen itself is said to be a marvel of cleanliness and ventilation. It was the proprietor of this *café* who, in the summer of 1870, saved an American gentleman from the fury of a mob, who were going to tear him to pieces, because he had blond whiskers, and looked like a German. M. Bignon, the proprietor, was obliged to conceal the unfortunate gentleman (who was so wicked as to have fair hair) in an up-stairs closet till nightfall. Thus mad and senseless in their fury were the Parisian mob under the exasperating influences of the great defeats of Woerth and Weissenbourg.

The Maison Dorée, the near neighbor of the Café Riche, is even more celebrated, but its foundation is of much later date. It was born of the era of speculation and extravagance, brought about by the creation of railroads. Formerly the corner of the Rue Lafayette and the boulevards was occupied by a modest white building called the Café Hardy, which was chiefly remarkable for a silver spit in the fireplace of its grand *salon*, whereon kidneys and black puddings were cooked in public. The day came when the modest mansion disappeared; and on its site, in 1841, arose the splendid building known as the Maison Dorée, from the sumptuous gilding of its balconies. The gilding has long ago disappeared, but the title remains, sometimes changed by its *Habités* into the Maison d'Or, or House of Gold, in allusion to its sterling and solid qualities. Its *cuisine* and its wines are alike of the first quality. Its cellar is in two divisions: in the one nearest the kitchen are stored those wines which require warmth, such as Spanish wines, and certain kinds of Burgundy, as well as rum, *kirch*, and other potent liquors. The number of bottles contained in these cellars amounts to one hundred and eighty thousand, the prices of which range from two francs to fifty. The specialty of this house is fish, and it has been said by epicures that he who has not eaten fish at the Maison Dorée does not know what fish really is. In particular, there is a dish called *filet de sole, sauce Vénétienne*, which is simply unsurpassable. The Maison Dorée is also celebrated for its suppers; and, after the masked balls and opera balls, its *salons* and private rooms are always crowded. On such occasions it is kept open all night, and the consumer who comes to seek an early breakfast may chance to meet with parties of worn-out revelers descending languidly the grand staircase, and displaying, to the full glare of the daylight, their crushed finery, haggard faces, and heavy eyes. Of course, the *demi-monde* reigns supreme on these occasions, and the mirrors in the *cabinets particuliers* are scrawled over with inscriptions and designs, traced there by the diamond-rings of long generations of unruly guests. The Maison Dorée is splendid, well kept, and very fast.

*Lorettes* used to elbow you on the staircases, and mad orgies took place after midnight in its private rooms. Of late all this has been much modified. Paris is no longer so wealthy, and not nearly so gay, as it was, and something of the same change has crept over these haunts of pleasure and dissipation, concerning which a well-known French novelist—it was either Ponson du Tervail or Xavier de Montepin—once wrote a book entitled "The Nights of the Maison Dorée."

Of quite another character, yet rivaling its gilded competitor in the number and madness of its supper-parties, is the Café Anglaise. But a serious and more decent aspect reigns in that white-walled restaurant, celebrated for its exquisite cleanliness, and for its high prices. A sort of English air of respectability and solemnity is prevalent there, yet is this staid-looking *café* an arrant hypocrite; it is not one whit more moral than is its showy rival across the way. In one respect, however, it is severe; it permits of no scribbling with diamond pencils on its mirrors. He or she who commits such an act must pay for the desecrated looking-glass. The cookery is first class, and the cellar is celebrated for its fine clarets and champagnes, and for an admirable collection of foreign wines. The cellar itself is of vast extent, clean as a parlor, and coquettishly decorated with an iron trellis, on which hang bunches of grapes in opaline enamel, each bunch containing a lamp, which can be lighted at will, thus producing a charming effect. A dinner was once served in this cellar to a party of eccentric Russians.

The Café Durand, near the Madeleine, is a sober and quiet house, much frequented by family parties; and it enjoys a certain reputation for sundry dishes whereof it has made a specialty. The Café Foy used to be celebrated for making the best coffee in Paris; but the days of good French coffee are departed, never, I fear, to return. Chicory and roasted beans have taken the place of Mocha and Java, and the coffee now served in Paris is a poisonous decoction, tempting to the palate and pernicious to health. The Café de la Rotonde is one of the most delightful places in Paris wherein to take an ice or a cup of coffee in summer-time, as it has an open pavilion situated in the gardens of the Palais Royal, where one may sit and enjoy the fresh air and the music of the fine military band, which plays there every summer afternoon as well. This *café* is one of the oldest in Paris, and was a fashionable resort during the days of the Directory. Sardou laid there the scene of the first act of his "Merveilleuses." The Café Vachette, on the Boulevard Poissonnier, has been merged into the Café Brébant, which is now a supper-house of great repute. It was their pastry-cook that created the delicious ice called *bombe à la pêche, or aux abricots*, and which Sautter, in Philadelphia, makes so well. The Café Vefour and its compeer, Vefour Junior, are to-day the last first-class *cafés* which the Palais Royal, once the site of so many palaces of the culinary art, now possesses. The rest are that abomination to men and stomach—cheap restaurants—where one dines for forty or fifty cents, and dines ill on doubtful

meats and drying vegetables. In other days the meals served in these cheap establishments were of good quality, not any thing very excellent, it is true, but still eatable and nourishing; but nowadays high prices and taxes have combined to lower the quality of the food served there, and one dines badly for fifty cents where once thirty would have secured a good repast. Foreigners mostly frequent these cheap houses, and, returning home, speak with sublime scorn of Paris cookery and French wines. The best places now for obtaining meals at a low price in Paris are the *Établissements Duval*. These restaurants, which are dotted all over Paris, were founded by a celebrated butcher, who conceived the idea of getting up a number of eating-houses which he could supply with meat at first cost. He realized a large fortune in the process, and died a few years ago, leaving his wealth to his widow and his son, the former of whom now carries on the business, while the latter lately made himself notorious by attempting to commit suicide for the love of Cora Pearl! I believe, however, that the Duval restaurants are mostly soup-houses, and do not serve regular meals, but of that I am not certain. Those which are situated on the principal streets of Paris are large and sumptuously decorated, and may vie, in luxury of appointments, with the most costly of the greater *cafés*. In these houses a vast multitude of people are fed every day at prices which, compared with those of their rivals, appear to be ridiculously small.

The Café Ledoyen, on the Champs Élysées, was, four years ago, the great fashionable resort in summer. Surrounded by spacious gardens, its *salons* rejoicing in huge and multitudinous windows, it was really possible to dine there in summer-time without becoming more thoroughly cooked than were the viands served to the consumer. Its *cuisine* could not vie with that of Vefour or the Maison Dorée, and the prices were as large, if not larger; so the consumer was forced to pay pretty liberally for his breath of fresh air. I know not if the Café Ledoyen still exists, but the fearfully hot summer days of 1870 certainly lent it a wide-spread if fleeting popularity. The Restaurant Philippe, in the Rue Montorgueil, has for years maintained a reputation for good cheer and splendid wines, and is the favorite resort of the *bourgeoisie*. In its spacious but old-fashioned *salons* they give their weddings and dinner-parties, and indulge in feasting and gayety, far from the noisy boulevards and the fashionable centres of this gay city. The Café Gaillon, on the street of the same name, also enjoys a high reputation. Thus it will be seen that, notwithstanding the complaint among Parisian *bons-vivants* that the ancient and typical restaurant of this gay city is passing away, the hungry epicure has only to pick and choose among the variety of houses thus thrown open to allure him to enter and be refreshed.

And, in truth, it is far wiser for a stranger to take his meals at one of these establishments than for him to pay the price exacted for the poor fare usually served up at the *tables-d'hôte* of the fashionable hotels. For

six or eight francs a head, one can dine sumptuously at the *Maison Dorée* or at *Ve-four's*; while the same price is charged for roast-mutton, bean-soup, and boiled codfish, at the *Grand Hôtel* or the *Hôtel du Louvre*. And, if one chooses to order *à la carte*, a delicious banquet can be procured for very little more. Of course, if one chooses to order soup *à la Bagration*, truffled pheasant, and *pains de fois gras glacés*, one must expect a bill of rather startling amount; but, apart from the great *chefs-d'œuvre* of the culinary art, the fare is not so expensive, after all. And, if one wishes to give a grand dinner-party, *Ve-four* or *Brébant* will serve it for from three to four dollars a head, exclusive of wines, and will set before you dainty dishes, good enough for any king that ever yet was crowned. Compare those prices with those charged by *Delmonico* or *Augustin*, and the Parisian caterer will not suffer by the comparison.

Apart from the cooking, sauces, and delicate devices of the restaurants, and the *cordons bleus* among private cooks, the general run of eating in Paris is far inferior to what it is in the United States. We miss our profusion of delicious summer vegetables, our green corn, sweet-potatoes, stewed tomatoes and lima beans; our watermelons, cantaloupes, peaches-and-cream; our warm rolls, buckwheat-cakes, and endless variety of corn-bread; our rich cakes and flaky pastry, our tropical fruits, bananas, pineapples, etc., and, above all, our oysters, in all the different styles of stewed, fried, roast, and broiled. The *Café Peters*, situated on the *Passage des Panoramas*, does, indeed, pretend to supply American dishes; but the pretense is only a vain one—the viands are but a shadow of the delicious eatables of our native land. Better do in Turkey as the Turks do, and feed off French dishes at the *Café Riche* or the *Maison Dorée*.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

## INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

THE columns of the *London Athenæum*, the leading literary periodical of the British nation, have been open for several months past to a discussion, thoroughly earnest if not learned, of the English and American copyright laws, so far as they concern the rights of foreign authors. The learned disputants are quite unanimous in their opinion that English authors do not have "much show" in American courts—that is, generally. But more than one of them is fully convinced that the stern prohibition of our copyright statute against foreigners may be overcome by some plan or other, if one only sufficiently ingenious can be devised. One correspondent, who had evidently given the problem a great deal of study, with a view of opening a new road to profit for his country's authors, finally announced that the "only plan I know of to enable an English author to obtain copyright in America, is to employ the services of an American author as a *collaborateur*." And, lest this "plan" might

not seem perfectly feasible to those of his readers less—or, rather, more—learned in American jurisprudence, he adds that "the late Mr. T. W. Robertson told me that he asked Artemus Ward to write a few sentences in one of his plays, and then had it registered in America as written by Artemus Ward and T. W. Robertson. By this means he obtained copyright in both countries." Substantially the same discovery was made by another, viz., "to get an American author to write an introduction, or in some way to participate in the authorship, which would make it impossible for others than those immediately interested to reprint the work in its entirety on either side of the Atlantic." Unfortunately, however, there was an obstacle to prevent the realization of the joys to flow from these discoveries, and that was, that "no author here whose name is worth having would lend it for such a purpose." Another sanguine contributor conceived a novel scheme full of promise (which was boldly made public without being specially copyrighted), by which English authors were to publish a month or so earlier in the United States than at home; "so that, if the author chooses to publish his book in America, so as to obtain by a prior publication the copyright there, the English copyright shall nevertheless remain intact." But here, again, was trouble; for some ruthless expert in the law pointed out the fact (and he was right) that, if there was one thing more than another which the British nation had always insisted upon in these matters, it was the benefit of a first publication. Without this, nothing. The only material objection, therefore, to this otherwise valuable plan was, that it secured to an English author copyright neither in this country nor his own.

At this stage of the debate, one of our own jurists comes to the front to expound the American copyright laws, and to show that they are as generous, at least to the dramatic authors of England, as the laws of that country are to the authors of this. The writer is not quite sure whether our courts have opened wide the gates for English authors in general, but has no doubt that, at all events, an exception has been kindly made in favor of English dramatists, who are allowed to come in and enjoy the benefits of protection extended to their plays. In support of this doctrine, the English correspondents are pertinently reminded that they "do not mention, however, that there are likewise two American decisions, the effect of which is to give to English authors (at all events, to English dramatic authors) in the United States precisely the same protection that they would realize if citizens, or if they could copyright with us." This being the fact and the law—in the case of a dramatic author, at least—"it is difficult to see what further protection he could gain by operation of an International Act."

The two cases cited in support of this revelation are *Palmer v. Daly*, and *Crowe v. Aiken*. But, unfortunately, there is no such copyright case reported as *Palmer v. Daly*; and, more unfortunately, *Daly v. Palmer*, which is reported, had nothing to do with the point under consideration—being an

action between two New-York managers, brought by Augustin Daly against Henry D. Palmer for an alleged piracy of the famous "railroad scene" in the former's drama, "Under the Gaslight."

Doubtless, the case intended to be cited was *Palmer v. De Witt*, in which the same Mr. Manager Palmer sued the printer, Robert M. De Witt, for printing and selling, without authority, T. W. Robertson's charming comedy, "Play," which Palmer had brought in manuscript from London. But, before proceeding to point out how much—or, rather, how little—soundness there is in the legal lore above quoted, it may be well to glance at the rights accorded an American author by the English Parliament and courts, and the steps necessary to be taken to have an American book copyrighted in London.

The rights of foreign authors under British laws have been pretty clearly defined by two recent decisions, rendered by the highest judicial tribunal known to English law—the House of Lords. The first of these cases was decided in 1854, and from the importance of the issues presented, the magnitude of the interests at stake, and the fame of the lawyers and judges who had been summoned to the cause, attracted general attention throughout the world. It was by far the most important copyright case since Lord Mansfield's time, and one of the three great landmarks in this department of English jurisprudence. The work in controversy was the now well-known opera, "La Sonnambula." Bellini, having composed this work while resident in Milan, assigned the manuscript, upon its completion, in 1831, to an Italian named Ricordi, who took it to London, and sold the exclusive right of publication in Great Britain to the music-publisher Boosey. The latter then published the opera contemporaneously with a publication in Milan; and, subsequently, Jefferys, a rival publisher in London, issued the same work without authority. This action led to a protracted legal controversy, in which the great question was, whether Boosey's title, being derived from a foreigner, was valid—or, in other words, whether Bellini, being a foreigner and resident abroad, was entitled to copyright under the English laws.

It would naturally be supposed that the law would not be doubtful upon a point of so much importance. But the difficulty was in construing one word in the statute. The act passed in the reign of Anne, "for the encouragement of learning," extended protection to "authors," and it was left for the judiciary to determine whether that expression was general in its application, including all authors, native and foreign, or whether it was restricted to British subjects. It was contended, on the one hand, that a British legislature, dealing with British interests, must be presumed to have legislated for native subjects, and for the encouragement of native learning. On the other hand, it was argued that such restriction was neither expressed nor implied; and, moreover, that to encourage foreign authors to send their productions to England for first publication was to foster English literature.

Of the eleven judges who had been sum-



moned to advise the lords, six were firmly of the opinion that Bellini was entitled to English copyright, although he was a foreigner and in foreign parts at the time of publication, while five held that his not being on English soil at the time of publication was a bar to valid copyright. After listening to a most elaborate discussion of the subject in all its bearings, the House of Lords adopted the latter view, and held that it was necessary for a foreigner to be within the realm at the time of publication in order to acquire valid copyright. With this condition, a foreign author might enjoy the same privileges as a British subject. The latter, however, it was held, need not be upon British soil in order to secure his rights. For instance, suppose that Gibbon, after writing the "Decline and Fall" at Lausanne, on the shores of the Swiss lake, Geneva, had published it in London, it was not doubted that while domiciled abroad he would have enjoyed the same rights and privileges as an English author at home. And Lord-Chancellor Cranworth even went so far as to intimate that such would have been the case even if Gibbon had had no intention of returning to England.

The next great copyright case was brought before the House of Lords fourteen years later, in 1868, when the book in controversy was the production of an American authoress. The litigants were the well-known London publishers Sampson Low & Co. and Routledge & Co. Miss Maria S. Cummings, of Massachusetts, had sent the manuscript of her "Haunted Hearts" to the former firm for publication, and, in order to come within the conditions of the English law for acquiring a valid copyright, she went to Montreal, Canada, where she remained until after the publication of her book. It was well known to the judges that her sojourn there was merely temporary, and for the express purpose of complying with the provisions of the English law as interpreted in 1854. A rival edition was soon issued by Routledge & Co., who claimed that they were entitled to do so on the ground that Low & Co. could not have "copyright in a work written by an alien, between whose country and our own no law of international copyright subsists."

In this case, the doctrine affirmed by the House of Lords in 1854, making the bodily presence of a foreign author on English soil a necessary condition to valid copyright, was strongly criticised; but the soundness of that decision could not be tested, inasmuch as the direct issue was not now before the Lords, because Miss Cummings was actually within the British dominions at the time of publication.

According to the principles established by these two cases, an American author must comply with three conditions in order to obtain a valid copyright in England. In the first place, he must publish his work in England, Wales, Scotland, or Ireland; secondly, it must be published there before or at the same time it is issued in his own country or elsewhere. That is, the publication must be on the same day in Great Britain and the United States; but it matters not in which country it is first published, if publication in both be on the same day. If, however, the

work has been given to the public, either in the United States or in any other country, before it is published in the United Kingdom, the English copyright will not hold. Lastly, the author must be within the British dominions at the time of publication in Great Britain. Now, the British possessions are scattered all over the world. The British flag waves, not only over the British Isles, but over India, portions of Africa, and Canada from ocean to ocean. But, provided the author be at the time of publication upon British soil, no matter where, under the tropical sun of India, in the busy streets of London, on the shores of the Pacific, or by the Canadian banks of the St. Lawrence, English law will be satisfied. If at Calais, he must cross over to Dover; if on our shores of the St. Lawrence, he must go to the opposite; if on this side of the Canadian border, he must step across. How long must be his sojourn on British soil, the English courts have not said; they have only decided that he must be there at the "time of publication." The presence of the author is made a personal obligation, which he cannot shift upon his publisher, his assignee, or his servant. He must go himself. As has been stated, this condition is not imposed upon a British subject. If an English author is resident in the United States, no matter how long he has been here, provided he is still a British subject, he may send his manuscript to London and go where he pleases. He will be entitled to valid copyright.

These legal principles apply only to American authors seeking an English copyright, and the authors of such other countries as have not entered into any international copyright arrangement with England. For between the last-named country and various Continental powers, an arrangement subsists by which the privileges of international copyright, upon certain specified conditions, are extended to the citizens of those countries having entered into the agreement. In such cases the presence of the foreign author upon British soil is not essential; nor is he required to publish in England before doing so in his own country. But the English Government grants these privileges only to such countries as reciprocate in favor of British authors. Hence the United States does not come within this arrangement. As has been shown, an American author may acquire English copyright by a trip to Canada, which is not a hardship in any case. To a citizen of Detroit, the task would not be a greater one than for a New-Yorker to cross over to Brooklyn; while a resident of North Derby, on the Vermont border, might accomplish it about as easily as a pedestrian could cross from one side of Broadway to the other. But for an English author to acquire copyright in the United States the matter is entirely different. Congress has unceremoniously shut the door upon all foreign authors in declaring, by legislation extending through three-quarters of a century, that only such author as may be "a citizen of the United States or resident therein" at the time of filing the title of the work for copyright, shall be entitled to protection. Who is to be regarded as a "citizen" or "resident," the act does not say; but the question has been fully considered by the courts, and

the meaning of the terms pretty clearly defined.

The leading American case on this point was brought by the well-known dramatist and actor, Mr. Dion Boucicault, and was decided in Chicago in 1868. Mr. Boucicault, a British subject, came to this country from England in 1853, and remained until 1860, when he returned to his native land. While here, he composed and published the dramas "Pauvrete," the "Octoroon," and the "Colleen Bawn," and had them copyrighted according to law. Subsequently, they were produced, without license, at Wood's Museum, in Chicago, which action Boucicault declared to be an invasion of his rights, and brought suit for damages. There was no dispute as to the leading facts; but Wood's lawyers set up the defense that the copyright in the plays was invalid on the ground that Boucicault was a foreign author, and had never been naturalized in this country. The question was discussed at the bar with great ability on both sides. The court instructed the jury that the pivot of the entire case was whether Boucicault, at the time of taking out copyright, was in this country with the intention of making it his permanent home. If such intention existed in his mind, notwithstanding he had never made a formal declaration, he was entitled to copyright. If it did not exist, his copyright was invalid. And whether it did or did not exist, was a question of fact to be determined by the jury. The jury found that Boucicault's intention at the time of applying for copyright was to remain in this country permanently, and therefore the judgment was in his favor.

The law on this important point was, for the first time, expounded in such clear language by Judge Drummond, who delivered the opinion, that a passage is quoted: "Residence ordinarily means domicile, or the continuation of a person in a place, having his home there. Of course it is not actually necessary that he should be the occupant of his own house. He may be a boarder or lodger in the house of another. The main question in connection with this matter is as to the intention with which the man or person is staying in a particular place. In order to constitute residence, it is necessary that a man should go to the place and take up his abode there with the intention of remaining—making it his home, his place of abode. If he does that, then he is a resident of that place, and we speak of this in contradistinction to the case of a person who goes to the place with the intention of remaining there temporarily, or for a short time, without any idea of taking up his abode, or making his home there. This question of residence, or non-residence, is not to be determined by the length of time that the person may remain there. For example: a man may go into a town and take up his abode there with the intention of remaining, and, if so, he may be said to become a resident of that place, although in point of fact he may afterward change his mind, and within a short time remove from that place, even within a few months. The question, you will see, that is to be determined is the state of mind, accompanied with acts, of the man at the time that

he goes to the place and takes up his abode there. So a person may go to a town, and if he goes there with the intention of only remaining for a limited time and of leaving the town, in point of fact he may remain there for a year or more, still it does not constitute him a resident of the town, or of the place, because he does not go there and take up his abode with the intention or the purpose which existed in the other case, so that it is not to be determined by the length of time, but by the intention existing in the mind of the person, coupled with acts, which acts and intent are to indicate whether or not he is a resident of the place."

Of course, it will always be a matter of more or less difficulty thus to read a man's mind, and fraud may be easily practised. But, according to the doctrine of the courts, it is simply a question of intention, the existence of which is to be determined by the jury. There is nothing in this doctrine to prevent a foreign author, who has been only a week upon our shores, from obtaining valid copyright, if he has brought his household gods with the purpose of remaining. Even a subsequent change of mind will not effect his rights, when once vested. On the other hand, if he has lingered in this country ten years without making up his mind that here shall be his home, he is not entitled to copyright. It makes no difference where the work may have been written, whether in this or a foreign land. Provided his legal residence is here, it does not appear that the temporary absence of the author from the country at the time of publication will defeat copyright; certainly not in the case of a naturalized citizen. The two essentials are, that he shall be a citizen or a resident, and give this country the benefit of a first publication. The assignee of a foreign author, though a citizen of the United States, holds the same relation under the statute as the author himself; so that a citizen is not entitled to copyright in a work which he has purchased from a foreign author.

After this general review of the rights of American authors under English laws, and the legal status of a foreign author in this country, the statements made by the correspondents of the *Athenaeum*, above quoted, may be noticed. Let us take, first, the case of a book which is the joint production of an American and a foreign author. What would be the action of the courts with reference to such a book, if the work by the two authors were so closely interwoven as to be inseparable, is a nice question of law that cannot well be discussed in these pages; but, if the chapters or passages contributed by the foreign author could be separated bodily from those by the native, there is little doubt that the work of the former would be unprotected, and would be lawful spoil for republication. And such would be the case with an introduction or preface written by a foreigner. Take "The Gilded Age." Here are two distinct sets of characters—we may say two distinct novels—under the same covers, the integral chapters of which were contributed separately by Mark Twain and Mr. Warner. Now, there is little doubt that, if either of those illustrious humorists had constructed

the work in conjunction with a foreign collaborator, the book would have quite a different status under our copyright law.

We now come to the erroneous statement made by an American correspondent in the columns of the London *Athenaeum* that there are "two American decisions the effect of which is to give to English authors (at all events, to English dramatic authors) in the United States precisely the same protection that they would realize if citizens, or if they could copyright with us." The cases cited in support of this doctrine had nothing to do with the copyright laws. It is true that, in a half-dozen recent cases, English dramatists have been protected in their rights to a certain extent by our courts; but these were the common-law rights of every author, native or foreign, in his unpublished works. Three of these cases were brought by Miss Laura Keane against other managers for representing, without authority, the comedy of "Our American Cousin," the manuscript of which she had purchased from Tom Taylor; another was a controversy between Miss Kate Bateman and Aiken, of Chicago, growing out of the alleged invasion of the former's rights in the manuscript play, "Mary Warner," which had been expressly written for her by the same dramatist; and another was the suit already mentioned between Palmer and De Witt for piracy of Robertson's "Play." In all of these actions the works in controversy were dramas written by British authors resident in England; the manuscripts, with the exclusive right of representation in the United States, were transferred to assignees; the plays were represented in the United States from manuscripts held by such assignees; they were not copyrighted, and had never been printed by authority; having been publicly represented in this country by such lawful assignees, they were soon reproduced by other managers. In all but one, the rights of the English author were affirmed, not, however, under the copyright law, but on the ground that the plays were in manuscript, and had never been published by authority. It was not statutory, but common-law protection of literary property before publication.

Indeed, these cases only show how much greater are the privileges granted in this country to native than to foreign dramatists. The dramatic act of 1856 was passed by Congress to enable dramatic authors to copyright their plays so as to secure to themselves, not only the exclusive privilege of publication, but also the sole right of representation. This statute, however, was for the exclusive benefit of citizens; but no such privilege was extended to a foreign dramatist. The latter, therefore, in order to enjoy the profits of his play, must keep it in manuscript. The moment it is published with his consent, his rights of exclusive representation are lost. And the same is true of an American assignee who has bought a manuscript play from a foreign author; for the drama, being the production of a foreign author, cannot be copyrighted under our laws, no matter who may be the possessor of it. The only way in which the owner can control it is by keeping it in manuscript.

E. S. DRONE.

## MISCELLANY.

MINOR ORIGINAL ARTICLES, TRANSLATIONS, AND SELECTIONS.

### THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF THE RAISIN.

IT was the spring of the year that inaugurated the late "cruel war" that I attended a celebration of great interest in Lexington, Kentucky. This beautiful border State had assumed the peculiar rôle of "armed neutrality," but families and households were divided in opinion, and great bitterness as well as enthusiasm prevailed. After the first guns at Sumter, the red-and-white Southern flag floated from many a window, while neighboring houses hung out the star-spangled banner. Conventions were called; speeches were made; troops composing the State Guard were reviewed; and the "pomp and circumstance" of prospective war gave tone and coloring to all things. There reigned a universal unrest, and excitements were eagerly sought.

I shall not soon forget an oration I heard at this time by the late John J. Crittenden. It was but a little while before his death—and what a masterly effort! In a weak, quivering voice, but perfectly audible to the immense audience, he made a touching appeal—a plea for loyalty to his own native State, but loyalty, too, to the Union.

But I digress from the battle of the Raising. After the War of 1812, the remaining soldiers, who fought so gallantly by the riverside and yet lived, banded themselves, for future exigency, as a company called the "Old Guard." Years after, when the Mexican War broke out, the emergency came, and many of these gallant soldiers gave their services again for their beloved country. Some died on the battle-field, others returned to their respective homes with little prospect of ever again meeting comrades, but kindly remembering the sharers of glory and hardship.

And now another war-cloud hung lowering over the nation, and the scattered soldiers, grown gray and oppressed with the cares of years, were called on to assemble in the loveliest of Kentucky cities to celebrate the anniversary of the battle of the Raising. And the Old Guard were mindful of the freemasonry of their fraternity. Invitations went all over the land, and many a gallant heart, yet warm, beat quickly at the thought of the reunion, and many hands, tremulous with age, grew eager to clasp other hands in pleasant reminiscence. It was a pretty, pathetic conception, and the programme enchanting. A large and bright hall was to be the theatre of the celebration. The grand military band from the Newport Barracks was engaged, and such music as it discoursed! A most superb flag, the gift of the banker-philanthropist Mr. David Sayre (since gone to rest, mourned and regretted by many hearts whose burdens he had lightened), was to be presented by the donor to this brave Old Guard. George D. Prentice, the poet-editor, wrote a delicious little poem for the occasion.

The evening came—a glorious night, starry and breezy. *La crème de la crème* of Kentucky society gathered in the hall. The martial band played divinely. To its music marched three companies of the State Guard—one commanded by the handsome John Morgan, afterward the guerrilla general. He was then captain of a magnificent body of men, clad in green (as to color, I might say Lincoln-green, but the prefix would have been tabooed at this time!).

The stage, with its trappings of red, white, and blue, with flowers everywhere, was artistically arranged. On the platform was a large

assemblage of the veterans from different States—an imposing and picturesque group. Then the face of Mr. David Sayre looked out smilingly in its native benevolence. What a genial old gentleman he was! Cassius M. Clay, the *Cœur de Lion* of American politics (for I, "native and to the manor born," well know that it cost a great deal to be an "abolitionist" in Kentucky in those days), was there, too, in his massive, manly beauty.

George D. Prentice relaxed his look of preoccupation, and seemed the personification of good-fellowship.

Just behind a group of white-haired veterans sat a grave, dignified black man, who seemed not at all abashed by his prominent position.

There was first a prayer, by a distinguished clergyman, then a spirited military air; after which Mr. Sayre—he was always familiarly and affectionately known as "Uncle Davy"—presented the beautiful banner, and, in his own honest, homely way, said something that went straight home to everybody's heart. Who so fit to respond as General Leslie Coombs, who had won a portion of his grand laurel-wreath at the battle of the Raisin? What a capital speech he made—how everybody laughed, and so many cried, at his reminiscences! It was a very touching thing to see these brave old warriors, who had "fought, bled, and not died," taking out their handkerchiefs to wipe moist eyes, as their comrade recalled their perils, their sacrifices, their joys (yes, for delights do follow sacrifices). The law of compensation is all-potent. These grand old heroes, never afraid of "shot and shell," wept now at their recollections—for later recollections, too, suggested themselves—and, oh! the imminent future that might break so many holy ties, dis sever so many bonds of truth and friendship!

After the speech of General Coombs, and a plaintive air by the band, Prentice arose and read his *bijou* of a poem, dainty and fresh as a dew-gemmed April blossom.

And now came the most solemn and sacred part of the performance. A sonorous voice, amid a solemn stillness, read the "roll-call" (dating from 1812); and another voice replied: "Killed at the Raisin;" "Died in 18—;" "Absent"—or "Present." It was pathetic beyond measure, and the scene that followed was even more touching.

Two venerable soldiers, who had not met since 1812, grasped each other's hands on the stage, while silent tears streamed down their cheeks. You could have heard the softest sigh in that large audience. The "touch of nature that makes the whole world kin," thrilled every heart. What had been the eventful lives, the varied experiences, of the two men, who had fought so valiantly, side by side, in the battle of the Raisin, and, later, on Mexican soil? What might they yet live to see and suffer, as they stood on border-land, not alone geographically, but politically?

After this, the band exquisitely rendered "Auld Lang Syne." Then, introduced by General Coombs, the silver-haired black man stood on the stage. He had been the body-servant of Major Pindell, and told, in a few well-chosen words, how he had knelt by the beloved, wounded master's side, after the terrible conflict. Say what you will of departed "slavery," it had its bright and poetic side. Such instances of fidelity, and honor, and devotion, on the part of both master and slaves! My heart softens and my eyes fill, in recalling many cases of tender loyalty, on both sides, under trying circumstances. All honor to noble deeds, and to heroic souls, with no thought of race or color!

I wish I could report the spicy, sparkling little speeches made by "distinguished" people on this occasion. But the delicious champagne opened yesterday has no aro-

ma to-day, and its brightening influences are gone. And the distinguished people, the actors on this stage—where are they? Mournfully I realize the fact that more than one-half are lying peacefully (so we pray) in their graves. But, oh, the sufferings, the trials, the terrors, before they thus went to rest! (I may not be accurate as to details, but I imagine no State in the Union suffered more than Kentucky during the terrible war. The State of "beautiful women and brave men," and—magnificent horses—and—prime old Bourbon! Beloved Kentucky, it delights my soul that, with your æsthetic tastes, your native love of luxury, you are meet for the age of progress, and have gracefully learned the meaning of practical labor! This is parenthetical, and I trust will be allowed as a concession to "State rights.")

Many, many times I recall this anniversary, and always with saddened pleasure. On how many bright young heads has the shadow of sorrow fallen since this eventful day! And many fair maiden faces that beamed on these scenes, look sad and worn under the widow's cap.

Of the heroes of the battle of the Raisin, but few are left. Far and near, all over the land, *immortelles* hang on consecrated graves; and hearts true to the dead are true to the living, and the old spirit of 1812 warms the blood of faithful sons and grandsons. It needs but time and occasion to develop the new race of heroes.—R. H. K.

#### A RIDE FOR LIFE.

EARLY one bright summer's morning, not many years ago, a young naval officer named Stratford rode out of Montevideo on his way to Colonia. He was carrying dispatches to a ship-of-war at the latter place, and, being thoroughly acquainted with the country, had been singled out for the service.

He had not ridden far on his journey before he met three gayly-dressed *gauchos*, and, being well known all over the *pampas*, he was speedily recognized by them, and was glad of the services of one of them, Sanchez, as a companion on the journey. The intention was to push on to Welshford's *estancia* by way of San José and Santa Lucia, and there pass the night, pursuing the journey in the morning.

Nothing of particular interest occurred during the long ride, and, at about the expected time, Welshford's was reached, and the hospitalities of the *pampas* afforded them. Dinner was being eaten by Stratford and his host when Sanchez, who had been wandering among the *peons*, came into the dining-room to inform them that there was to be a *tertulia*, or dance, at a *ranchito* about three leagues away, and that, if they would go, there were to be grand doings. Welshford excused himself on the ground of fatigue, he having been arduously employed for several days in superintending the shearing of his sheep; but he said to Stratford, "If you wish to go with your man, I will have fresh horses saddled for you at once."

The offer was immediately accepted, and soon the officer and *gaucha* were again scouring over the plains, and in a short time found themselves at the scene of the festivities. The dancing was conducted outside, and the gayly-dressed *gauchos* and the maidens formed a picturesque scene as they went into the intricacies of the *bolero*.

Stratford was introduced by Sanchez as Don Ricardo, and immediately became lionized by the ladies; and, as he was the same as most naval officers, having a keen eye to beauty, he was not long in picking out the best-looking maiden in the assemblage, and she seemed to be immediately flattered at the attentions of the *caballero ingles*.

She told him that she learned to waltz while at Buenos Ayres, and asked him if he understood the accomplishment. Of course he did; and the two shaky old guitars, which gave forth a very doubtful kind of music, struck up a "*tun-tun*" to waltz-time, and the English lieutenant and the *gaucha* girl went whirling in the mazes, the rest of the assemblage forming a circle round them, and madly applauding the performance, as the dance to most of them was a novelty.

Sanchez seemed to think that the performance of the lieutenant whom he had introduced to the company was such a success that it reflected great credit on him, and, immediately after they had finished, rushed over and embraced him, after the fashion of his country.

Shortly after this little episode, Stratford was lighting a cigar, when he was approached by a handsome young *gaucha*, in a gay *poncho* and *cheripa*, and showing himself to be a first-class dandy by the profusion of silver ornaments and heavy silver spurs that he wore; and, tapping him on the arm, said: "One moment, Señor Inglesa; I have a word to say to you."

Stratford finished lighting his cigar, and then followed him to a distance of about fifty yards from the party.

"May I ask what you want with me?" said he.

"Yes, señor; that young lady that you have been dancing so much with is my *noría*" (sweetheart). "Are you aware of it?"

"I did not have that honor," said Stratford. "I am glad to hear it—she is a very pretty girl."

"I called you out, señor," said the *gaucha*, "to warn you that I do not allow any one to dance with Panchita. Now do you understand?"

"I am sorry," said the Englishman, "that you will have to make an exception in my favor, for I have already promised to dance the next dance with her."

"Then, if you do, remember, señor, you do it at your peril—you understand?"

"Enough of this insolence, fellow," said Stratford, haughtily. "I shall dance with her as often as I please."

"Then beware!" growled he between his teeth, as Stratford strode toward the dancers, and the next instant he saw the lieutenant, with his arm around Panchita's waist, and whirling her in the dance.

Sanchez had been a witness of this scene, and had overheard every thing that had been said by the young *gaucha*, who received his particular attention during the rest of the night, but he never told Stratford that he was acquainted with the fact.

At length it became time for them to take their departure, and Stratford and Sanchez went to the *corral* to get their horses, that were already hitched waiting for them.

Sanchez had been, as we have said, closely watching the young *gaucha* after his threat, and was not slow in observing him, as they left the company, also leave, and steal round to the other side of the *corral*, and, in the shade of the wall, approach the officer and himself.

Stratford was just in the act of getting into the saddle, not knowing of the danger, when he heard immediately behind him a scuffle, a dull thud, and then a groan, as the form of a man fell within the shadow of the wall of the *corral*. He then heard Sanchez say, "Into the saddle, señor, quick! for your life!" and he dashed away across the plains, Stratford mechanically following him. As they rode at a gallop, Stratford said:

"For God's sake, Sanchez, what was the matter?"

"Never mind asking questions now, señor," said he. "If I had waited just now to ask



questions, I should be riding home alone. I did it to save you."

"Who was it?"

"That jackanapes who threatened you for dancing with Panchita. He won't threaten you any more."

"How did you know he threatened me?"

"I heard every word he said. I followed you when I saw the villain call you; even then I was ready to prevent him from putting his knife into you."

"How did the affair happen just now?"

"You were just in the act of getting into your saddle, when he crept round the corral and had his knife ready to strike you in the back, when I caught him by the throat and buried mine in his heart. The sooner we are in Colonia the better. You will have all the blame, Don Ricardo. I know these people, and every one of his kinsmen will be abroad early to avenge the deed. We must go straight on."

"You push right on, Sanchez; I must go to Welshford's again for the dispatches. I left them in his charge."

"No, señor, I will stay with you," said Sanchez; "the body fell right in the shade of the corral, and may not be found until daylight. If that is the case, we will have time."

"Well, we must try it, my brave fellow," said Stratford; "with fresh horses, ten leagues is not far."

"Far? *Carrajo!* I should think not, but we must not let them catch us at Welshford's."

They arrived at Welshford's at about four o'clock, and, without delay, informed the host of the tragedy, and immediately got fresh horses, and were on the road as daylight broke over the plains.

The *estancia* was about thirty miles from Colonia, and the *ranchito* where the *tertulia* had been the night before was about the same distance; and, as the reader knows, the *ranchito* was three leagues, or nine miles, from Welshford's. As they rode, they looked anxiously at the eastern horizon for traces of any pursuers; nor had they long to look, for the light revealed a cloud of horsemen pushing rapidly on for where they had just left.

"Here they come," said Sanchez, "but they don't see us yet."

He had hardly spoken, when the whole body, numbering eighteen or twenty, turned their horses' heads for Colonia.

"You spoke rather soon, Sanchez," said Stratford; "they see us only too well."

The pursuers were about two miles to the right of the pursued, and not more than three-quarters of a mile to their rear, and both were heading for the same point, so it became nothing more than a race.

At about half the journey the *gauchos* were about the same distance astern; but they had lessened that between them, so that they were now almost directly behind them.

Stratford had hopes that, when they came in sight of Colonia, some of the lancers would see them, and come to their assistance; and so they did, but not until very close to their pursuers, in consequence of the horse of Sanchez having stumbled over an ant-hill; but the nimble *gaucha* was quickly in the saddle, and returned the yells of his foes with a wave of defiance as he again overtook Stratford; but, unfortunately, his horse went dead lame, and the situation was becoming very precarious, as the foremost of the horsemen was nearly close enough to use his lasso on poor Sanchez. When within about a league of the town, fortunately, a squad of Uruguayan cavalry, who were exercising on the plains, saw them, and came scouring to their assistance. It was now nip and tuck whether Sanchez would be caught before the lancers got up; but that point was quickly set at rest, as a bowl from that individual told Stratford

that he was in the toils. He immediately turned to his assistance, and rode on the *gaucha*, who was hauling in on the lasso to knife the poor fellow.

A well-directed shot from the officer's revolver went crashing through his brain, and two or three more completely checked the impetuosity of the foremost of the pursuers.

Sanchez was soon free from the lasso, and, with the instincts of his class, immediately appropriated the horse of the dead *gaucha*, as the lancers dashed up and attacked and dispersed the desperadoes.

The ride for life was over, and a short time saw Stratford and Sanchez on board the English frigate, where the thrilling adventure was told by the officer.

Sanchez was greatly elated at the fact of the other *gaucha* being killed, as he found that he was the brother of the one who had received his quietus the night before; and he philosophically remarked that cousins did not follow up a feud but for a little while, but the brother would have pursued him to death.

Three weeks again saw them at Welshford's, but that time they attended no *tertulia*. —Edward R. D. Mayne.

### THE CAFÉ-CONCERT.

(Translated for the JOURNAL.)

EIGHT P. M. — Countless pedestrians pour from the Rue Royale and ascend toward the Champs Élysées—that garden of the Parisian who is condemned to asphalt during the dog-days. The groves are all alight, and huge yellow posters attract the eye of the loungeur who happens to pass near the flaming *chalets* which dot the avenue.

Let us enter one of these. The busy waiters are polishing the tables, and nervously twirl their napkins about the folding-chairs, which make a sharp rattling as they are replaced after the operation. The orchestra stutters forth its first sounds of tuning up, and the drop-curtain gives a preliminary shiver, by way of prelude to the *fête*; while through the glasses at each side are plainly visible a row of bare shoulders, and many-colored muslins, already seated at their post. Some refreshment-takers occupy the front seats, and are the object of much devotion on the part of the waiters.

"There, monsieur, there! What must I serve to monsieur? Ices, coffee, Strasbourg beer? Beer's very fresh to-day!"

"Very well, bring some."

"There, sir, there—It's three francs."

"Three francs for a glass of beer! dear enough."

"It is easy to see that monsieur is not an *habitué*. In ten minutes monsieur would not get that place for a louis."

And, verily, the band has already struck up the "Valse des Roses." On all sides the public are rushing in, and the seats are rapidly filling. The waiters are becoming less and less obliging. One of them upsets a *mazagran* over the shoulders of a customer in a delicate gray coat, and excuses himself by saying:

"I really have no time."

It is very pleasant. Every minute smart carriages drop before this temple of joy, its *demi-monde* divinities enveloped in clouds of lace.

"No more front seats?"

"You see, my little lady, every thing is taken. There's a stool on the eighth row to the left, but you'll have to look sharp."

The "little lady" makes her way, as best she can, through seven or eight dense ranks of refreshment-eaters, and goes to take up her cramped position on the little iron perch.

Beside her, a mature country couple have made way with very bad grace. The wife, who is large and flabby, pulls out her hand-

kerchief with much affectation, and crams it to her nose, all unused to *opponac*.

"Lawks a mercy! what a gust these creatures always bring with them! Was ever any thing like their assurance?—Hippolyte, turn round this way, sir!"

"Dearest love, this lady has no doubt paid for her seat, and you can easily understand—"

"I easily understand that you're a good-for-nothing, like all the men. And what I do not understand is, that the police can tolerate—"

"Really, really, Nadège, you are not reasonable."

"Go along with you, sir! If I was in the government—"

The sentence of Nadège is cut short by a gentleman in faultless attire, and a fine black beard, who comes down the stage. The programme announces:

"M. Octave, barytone."

The orchestra preludes. M. Octave opens an enormous mouth:

"Ah! were I but—the King of Spain,  
Then thou shouldst be my que-e-e-n!"

As a general rule, all barytones have got a black beard, and a *romance*, in which *Espangne* keeps rhyming with *montagne* with despairing regularity.

HALF-FAST NINE.—A whole flight of young swells break into the garden—all in black coats and white cravats, put on solely to make the innocent believe that they have been, or are, going into society.

"Saint-Amour! Many people at the embassy?"

"Pshaw! Nothing worth mentioning. No pretty women, my dear fellow; nothing to do, so I soon gave them the slip."

"I have been at the club—a miserable bank of four hundred louis; pitiful, upon my soul! I lost two or three notes of a thousand, and, as I didn't want to get into the file, I came away."

"Who was banker?"

"Bourgneuf. He's had the devil's own luck since he took up with *la Monchoulette*. But there wasn't half a game—everybody's in the country."

"How are you, count? Has Olga sung yet?"

"No; but there she is. You are just in time."

A gigantic blonde now takes possession of the stage, who, it appears, answers to the name of Olga, and she is received with three *salvos* of applause.

"The woman of fire whom I prefer—"

(A voice in the audience: "Is me!")

"Is the woman who cooks my *din-nin-er*."

"Bravo!" "Bravo!" "Charming!" "How funny she is!" "It's enough to kill one!"

Recall of Mdle. Olga, who is overpowered with bouquets, and repeats the last verse.

All the young seigniors tattoo an accompaniment with their knives and glasses.

"That's something like music!—Far more amusing than 'L'Esclave!' The other day my people dragged me there. Such a bore!"

Below there on the eighth row are a couple who are very sorry they came. 'Tis Hippolyte and his better half.

"You see, Nadège, you wanted to know what this was like. Now let us be off."

"It's shocking, Monsieur Lousteau—shocking! But I want to see how far their cynicism will go. We will remain, Monsieur Lousteau."

"And those young fellows over there! When I think that Eugène—"

"Hold your tongue, Hippolyte! Our son is incapable of calmly listening to such rubbish! Poor angel! he spends all his evenings prepping for his examination."

"Did I say he didn't?"

A vigorous bang in the orchestra announces that they are at it again, and the public throbs with enthusiasm. The crowd take up the chorus with hands, feet, glasses, and walking-sticks.

At this instant Hippolyte gives a frightful start.

"For goodness' sake, just look there, my love, in the centre of that group! That young man in the white cravat, who is kicking up such a—"

"I see nothing, Monsieur Lousteau."

"There, talking with that—creature with yellow hair! But, confound it! I can't be wrong."

"Lawks a' mercy! It's our Eugène! The rascal!—the scoundrel!"

The couple have risen, and, scattering the company in all directions, fall like bombshells into the group of dandies, among whom they spread terror and desolation.

"My Eugène, my son—give me back my son!" gasps Nadège. "It's you who lead him astray, you contemptible little brutes!"

But Eugène has fled—running like a hare among the trees, and hotly pursued by the female author of his being, who carries her umbrella high above her head. The trio disappear in the darkness amid the roars of the crowd.

The orchestra strikes up the final galop. Every one has risen amid a noise as of pandemonium let loose. Glasses fall, spoons fly in all directions, and those who are in the greatest hurry indulge in a little hurdle-racing over the chairs and tables. Outside the *commissaires* rush about after carriages. A few minutes later, two gentlemen, of a certain age, plod leisurely behind the dispersing crowd. Their gait bespeaks them cavalry-officers.

"You were right to come to Versailles to-day; but what a rabble this is to-night! In former days there was nothing of this kind; far from it."

"*Mon cher*, at Paris every thing goes by series. We have had the series of public balls, the series of dress-circles, and now we have the series of *café-concert*. This will last until it enters somebody's head to start another series, and, as Paris is the native land of Panurge, Paris will follow the movement."

#### SOME PARIS STREETS.

The *Journal des Débats* says: "The municipal administration has just organized committees in four districts of Paris, with a view to the altering, grouping, opening through, and straightening, of various streets.

"In the Thirteenth District there is a question of changing the line of the Rue de Tolbiac, between the Rue de la Glacière and the Avenue d'Italie. This street bears an application which we may well be astonished to meet with in that remote quarter of Paris. Let us recall the historical fact to which it owes its name. In the year 496 Clovis won a victory over the Germans beneath the walls of the town of Tolbiac, in consequence of which triumph he embraced Christianity. What was once the town of Tolbiac is now called Zulpich, and is situated in Rhenish Prussia, at about fifteen miles from Cologne. In the Sixteenth District they purpose throwing open the Rue Mozart, between the Rues Dangeau and De l'Assomption; and enlarging the Rue du Ranelagh, between the Rues Pajou and Mozart.

"The above-named streets have been recently rechristened.

"The Rue Mozart, it is needless to remark, owes its name to the illustrious composer, born at Salzburg, in 1756, who died at Vienna, in 1791.

"The Rue Dangeau is indebted for its

name to Philippe de Courcillon, Marquis de Dangeau, member of the French Academy, where he succeeded to the chair left vacant by Sanctory. He published a most curious journal, ranging from the year 1681 down to 1720, that of his death.

"The Rue Pajou is called after a renowned Parisian sculptor, member of the Institute, who was born in 1720. He died in 1809, leaving behind him the busts of Madame du Barry and of Buffon, which are at the Louvre.

"In the Nineteenth District there is to be partial classification, and regulation of the line of the Rue de Palestine.

"As we are on the subject of the origin of the names borne by some of the streets of Paris, we must not omit that little-known though ancient one—the Rue Chevert. It begins at the Avenue de Latour Maubourg, near the western part of the Invalides, and ends at the Avenue Tourville. The following details about Chevert may prove interesting:

"On the 2d of May, 1706, a regiment was crossing the town of Verdun. A little boy, with a paper-cap cocked over his right ear, and playing on castanets, made out of pieces of a broken dinner-plate, marched in front, and kept step with the soldiers. The regiment passed through the town, and still the child was to the fore. At the first halt, the colonel, who had noticed the *cuteness* of the little urchin, calls him up, and asks him what his idea may be in thus accompanying them.

"To become a soldier."

"It isn't easy; and your parents—"

"Are dead."

"How do you live?"

"On the charity of certain good souls, who give my aunt enough to keep me."

"Your name?" said the colonel.

"Francis Chevert."

"Well, I enlist you. You are one of us."

"This, as we have said, occurred in 1706.

In 1741, Chevert was a lieutenant-colonel; in 1744, *maréchal de camp*; and, in 1748, lieutenant-general.

"The orphan of Verdun, promoted to the highest grades in the army, and become a Grand Cross of St. Louis, died in Paris in 1769, and lies buried in the church of St.-Eustache, where an epitaph, written by Lamartine, may still be read."

#### A RECOLLECTION OF KAULBACH.

KAULBACH loved a free and noble sociality, and his house on the Gartenstrasse, in Munich, was the gathering-place of a chosen society. Seldom did an artist, *savant*, or any one known in art or literature, visit the Bavarian capital without finding in his hospitable home a most friendly welcome.

Kaulbach himself did not talk, but he understood perfectly the art of drawing out others, and, by his sharp observations and occasional wit and criticism, exciting their best conversational powers. He was the prince of listeners, but his own genius spoke more readily on canvas than in conversation. His artist-hand always served him better than his tongue to express his own vivid ideas.

Occasionally, however, in the circle of his more trusted friends, he enjoyed speaking of his own life, of his early striving, and the difficulties he had overcome. I remember especially one such moment, which the great artist's sudden death recalled vividly to my memory. The first picture which attracted any notice, and first called attention to the artist, was his representation of an insane asylum ("Die Irrenanstalt"). The picture made, on all who saw it, a deep, and on many a lasting, life-long impression. One thought he could see in the empty faces the whole history of the insane man's sorrows and the attempt of the empty mind to grasp the thought

never quite within its reach. The faces seemed as distinct as if they had been reflected from a mirror, and the mind and spirit stricken men and women gathered in the hospital appeared in all their startling individuality. The human sorrows and passions which had driven the sane to madness appeared so real as to be painful.

Kaulbach himself gave the following rather remarkable account of the origin of the painting: Cornelius had been (1825) commissioned by the then King Ludwig of Bavaria to adorn the new royal palace at Munich with frescoes, and was to take with him the more advanced of his scholars to assist in the work. Young Kaulbach was not, however, among those selected by the master. He was not considered fitted for the work, and so remained at Düsseldorf with the younger pupils. Kaulbach understood the reason well enough, but felt bitterly the loss of what he considered would have been a brilliant opportunity to distinguish himself. While thus feeling despondent, he met an old friend, the physician of an insane-asylum near Düsseldorf, who cheered him by saying, "I can give you and your young friends, if you wish, a good opportunity to practise frescoing. In the vestibule of the asylum, you and your friends can draw and paint to your heart's content. I cannot pay you for the work, to be sure, but I can refresh you with an occasional glass of wine, and quiet your appetite with bread-and-cheese." Kaulbach accepted the invitation eagerly, and, with the assistance of some of his fellow-scholars, covered the blank walls with pictures. When the work had been completed, the physician invited Kaulbach to visit him, and said: "I would like very much to show my obligation to you, but I know no better way to pay you than to give you some lessons which may serve you in life. We all have sleeping, slumbering passions, with which it is forever necessary to struggle. Let me picture to you the lives of some of the poor lunatics here, and you will see that very many of them are crazed only because they have allowed their passions to develop immeasurably and without hinderance." With this view, the physician then related to him the history of a number of the hopeless cases he had to care for in the institution. The narratives interested Kaulbach deeply, and made a lasting impression on him. He knew he had the germs and seeds of just such passions as had been depicted to him in himself, and he began almost to be afraid of himself. The stories of the mindless inmates of the hospital haunted him with continual warnings and threats. Shortly afterward he left Düsseldorf and went to Munich, but still the impression was so strong upon him as to cause him considerable disquiet, and, with the idea of freeing himself, if possible, from these troublesome spirits, he determined to put the unwelcome picture on canvas. With this object in view, he made a number of additional studies at an asylum near Munich, the result of which was the now celebrated picture.

A speculative dealer from Central Germany, who saw the picture, advised Kaulbach to make some additional studies, as he said, of "his fools," and offered to become the purchaser of the new picture. Kaulbach answered that he was desirous of painting a number of pictures from German history, and would like to negotiate with him for them, but with the "fools" he did not care further to busy himself. The speculator answered that he doubted his ability to paint historical pictures, but thought he had a brilliant talent for painting fools, in which he had so wonderfully succeeded, and to which for the future he had better limit himself. Kaulbach replied: "If I accepted your offer, I should be obliged to represent you in my next painting, and that might prove unpleasant." Naturally the negotiation proceeded no further.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

IN presenting a portrait of the much-loved and venerable poet, Bryant, which the reader will find embellishing the first page of the present number of the JOURNAL, we think it unnecessary to repeat the particulars of a career that every American knows so well. Three years ago one of our younger poets, Mr. Stoddard, gave in this JOURNAL a full and complete biography of our esteemed Nestor, and to this we refer those readers whose memory may be treacherous as to some of the facts in the good man's long and noble life.\*

Nearly three weeks ago (November 3d) Mr. Bryant completed his eightieth year, and this event was made the occasion of numerous graceful testimonials from his friends. It seems but a short time since that the completion of Mr. Bryant's seventieth year was celebrated by his friends everywhere, and notably at the Century Club, in this city, by a memorable gathering of poets and artists. Among the poems read on this occasion was the subjoined, by Whittier:

- "We praise not now the poet's art,  
The rounded beauty of his song:  
Who weighs him from his life apart  
Must do his nobler nature wrong.
- "Not for the eye familiar grown  
With charms to common sight denied—  
The marvelous gift he shares alone  
With him who walked on Rydal-side:
- "Not for rapt hymn nor woodland lay,  
Too grave for smiles, too sweet for tears—  
We speak his praise who wears to-day  
The glory of his seventy years.
- "When Peace brings freedom in her train,  
Let happy lips his songs rehearse;  
His life is now his noblest strain,  
His manhood better than his verse!
- "Thank God! his hand on Nature's keys  
Its cunning keeps at life's full span;  
But, dimmed and dwarfed, in times like these,  
The poet seems beside the man.
- "So be it! let the garlands die,  
The singer's wreath, the painter's meed,  
Let our names perish, if thereby  
Our country may be saved and freed!"

There have been great changes since that event, but very few changes in the poet honored then, and honored now again, by similar attentions from his admirers. "The glory of his eighty years" is riper and fuller than the "glory of his seventy years," and scarcely shows a sign of greater decadence. The winter is as kindly as the autumn. And now, as "Peace has brought freedom in her train," "happy lips may his songs rehearse," with none of those sad apprehensions that shrouded the singer's heart ten long and changeable years ago—may for "rapt hymn and woodland lay" give their large measure of love

and praise, and forget those fears, struggles, and passions, that momentarily made the patriot more conspicuous than the poet! Now the South, as well as the North, may unite in the paeans of praise, both forgetting all save those utterances in which the whole world is kindred, both thanking Heaven that

... "his hand on Nature's keys  
Its cunning keeps at life's full span."

— In Mr. Tyndall's address at Belfast before the British Association occur the following sentences: "Mr. Buckle sought to detach intellectual achievement from moral force. He gravely erred; for, without such force to whip it into action, the achievements of intellect would be poor indeed."

It would seem to be a settled thing among people generally to persistently misrepresent Mr. Buckle's views on the question of morals, or rather, more specially, his views of the relations of morals to the intellect. It is now almost impossible to find Mr. Buckle correctly quoted in this matter, and, in justice to a man it has recently become the fashion to depreciate, we purpose showing the erroneous interpretation given by Mr. Tyndall to a theory which is often gainsaid, but remains unanswered.

Mr. Tyndall tells us that Buckle detached "intellectual achievement from moral force," but the great author himself tells us that "mental progress is twofold, moral and intellectual;" that this double movement "is essential to the very idea of civilization, and includes the entire theory of mental progress. To be willing to perform our duty, is the moral part; to know how to perform it, is the intellectual part; while the closer these two are knit together, the greater the harmony with which they work." One would suppose these utterances altogether too clear and definite to admit of a moment's misapprehension. How is it that we are told of a man who wrote the sentences quoted above, who tells us that the union of moral and intellectual forces is essential to the very idea of civilization, that he sought to "detach" one from the other?

But it happens that Mr. Buckle goes on to expound a certain theory as to the activity of the two forces named, and this theory is not only commonly misunderstood in itself, but has led to current misconceptions of Mr. Buckle's attitude on the question of morals. We will endeavor here to state what that theory is, that the reader may see the sole ground for the accusation brought by the distinguished President of the British Association.

Buckle declares that moral truths are stationary, while intellectual truths are progressive; moral systems have undergone little or no change; there is not, he says, a single principle in regard to moral conduct now known to the most cultivated Europeans which was not likewise known to the ancients. "To do

good to others; to sacrifice for their benefit your own wishes; to love your neighbor as yourself; to forgive your enemies; to restrain your passions; to honor your parents; to respect those who are set over you—these, and a few others, are the sole essentials of morals; but they have been known for thousands of years, and not one jot or tittle has been added to them by all the sermons, homilies, and text-books, which moralists and theologians have been able to produce." The writer then proceeds to enumerate some of the achievements of the intellect, showing how great progress has been made; how there have been not only important additions to every department of knowledge, but sciences have been created, "the faintest idea of which never entered the mind of the boldest thinker antiquity produced." The conclusion of the historian is that, as "civilization is the product of moral and intellectual agencies, and since that product is constantly changing, it evidently cannot be regulated by the stationary agent," which is the moral one, the other being the intellectual. It is not that Mr. Buckle declares the practical operations of morals unchanged. He sees that the moral law has received no additions, has gained no accessions, has opened no new facts; but he does not deny a higher moral plane, a better appreciation of the principles of moral law. But this higher plane has been gained by means of the development of the intellect; the better appreciation of morals has arisen from the expansion of the mind and the cultivation of the reason. Here is no separation of the two forces of morals and intellect, but only an assertion that, as the moral law is unaltered and unchanged, the development of the moral principle must be attributed to its vitalization by culture and education. Why this simple theory has been received with so much objugation; why it has offended moralists; why it has met with such general misconception—it is difficult to say; but assuredly, whether we accept it as true or not, it in no wise "detaches" two coöperative forces, it in no manner excludes or underrates morals as a potent factor in civilization.

— It would puzzle a far more skillful solver of riddles than the traditional conjurer to describe, within any thing like reasonable limits, the hydra-headed government of the vast human settlement called London. English statesmen have given up the task as Herculean ere now; and certainly we shall not attempt to do what a Secretary of State has confessed his inability to do. Suffice it to say that London is neither a town, a city, nor a county; but a mass of habitations, governed by so intricate a net-work of boards and officials, by little vestries and great corporations, that one is confused by the mere enumeration of them.

There is, it is true, the "City of London,"

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a most ancient and puissant municipality, presided over by my lord mayor in scarlet and gold chain, and legislated for by plethoric aldermen and councillors; but, if you look on a map of London, you will be surprised to see that this famous "city" is but a speck on the vast and crowded expanse of the metropolis. There are the various "parishes"—of Lambeth and St. Clement's, Marylebone and St. Pancras, and we know not how many others—where vestries are the executive powers, and Bumbles the local sheriffs.

There is that strange and antique curiosity, the "Corporation of Westminster," a city without a mayor, a municipality the government of which is the special mystery of all these mysteries.

But, when you have exhausted these local governments, you have by no means comprehended the whole officialdom of London. You have still to reckon the Metropolitan Board of Works, which was created to organize a general system of sewers, and now has many other functions—a body chosen by the vestries and district boards, and endowed with tax-levying powers. The vestries, meanwhile, do the paving and lighting, on account of which they, too, may levy taxes.

Then there is another government, of the police and the magistrates, emanating, not from the people of London, but from the Home Secretary; and yet other bodies having independent jurisdiction are the School Board, the Post-Office, and the "Conservators of the Thames." In fact, the Londoner can never know when his tax-bills are to cease coming in, and he has to trudge from one end of London to another to find the offices where to discharge them. Mr. Arthur Arnold states that the force of officials who are occupied in the various governments are no fewer than seven thousand.

The evil of this complicated and reduplicated machinery has long been apparent to many eminent Englishmen. Both Charles Buxton and John Stuart Mill eloquently urged the creation of a more simple instrument for keeping London in peace and order; but they were radicals, and their propositions were frowned upon, it being suspected that something revolutionary was concealed beneath them.

The subject has, however, now been taken up by a statesman who cannot be suspected of a rage for iconoclasm. Lord Elcho proposes to introduce a measure into Parliament for making London a real metropolis, instead of a mass of politically isolated communities. A system of government which, as Mr. Arnold says, "baffles description," is to be replaced by all the simplicity of sweeping centralization.

Not that Lord Elcho means to abolish that gorgeous functionary the lord mayor, or shock the wooden deities of the city, Gog and Magog, into indignant life, or dispense with the time-honored banquets at Mansion House,

or the gaudy procession of Lord-Mayor's Day. On the contrary, he will have the lord mayor a dignitary far more gorgeous than he is now, by making him the civic sovereign, not only of the city, but of all London, even to the outskirts of Kentish Town, Hammersmith, and Holloway.

The centres of control are to be gathered into one; vestries, Bumble and all, must cease to exist; the Board of Works is to lose itself in the council-chamber of Guildhall; and the undiscoverable Corporation of Westminster will become an historic instead of a living mystery. Happily for the English fondness for what is old, the glory of the city, far from departing, would broaden until it became the greatest, as it is the largest city, in the world. The lord mayor would continue to receive, with new titles to the exercise of a majestic hospitality, the bishops of the Church and the ambassadors of all nations, the princes and potentates who visit London, the royal brides and bridegrooms, the ancient guilds, and her majesty's ministers at the close of arduous sessions.

In detail, the idea is to create a sort of civic federal union. Lord Elcho would have a central power, presided over by the lord mayor, and legislated for by a much larger body of aldermen and councilmen; and then he would have a number of local bodies, independent, like our own States, in the management of local affairs. Whether such a plan is practicable, remains to be fully discussed.

A corporation governing an aggregate of nearly four million people, gathered within a small circle of twelve-mile radii, is unexampled in civic history. Suppose London should become radical—rebellious, as it was in the time of Wat Tyler, and again in that of Jack Cade—how could the metropolis, centralized, and holding within its bosom the royal palaces, the Parliament, and the public offices, be resisted? Timid Tories are already asking this question, *à propos* of Lord Elcho's project. It would not, perhaps, be more strange to see Bradlaugh lord mayor in the nineteenth century than it was to see John Wilkes in the eighteenth. In such a case his power for evil would be far more formidable if all London were under his civic rule.

This, however, is emphatically a commercial and money-counting age; and if it can be proved to Londoners that their taxes will be vastly less, and their material condition more attentively cared for, under one government than under twenty, the bugbears of the timorous will be likely to have little weight with them.

—The acquisition of the Feejee Islands by England is a matter of little concern to the world in general, excepting for one reason. One Australasian colony more or less in English hands will not be likely to arouse any very lively jealousy; and, although Fee-

jee has fine harbors, picturesque scenery, a delightfully healthy climate, and a degree of fertility which produces abundant sea-island cotton, sugar, coffee, arrow-root, nutmegs, and ginger, it will be of but little advantage other than commercial to its new mistress.

Indeed, English statesmen have long been doubtful whether it would pay to accept the government of the archipelago from the greedy King Thakombau, who has for some time been anxious to sell his unruly kingdom for a substantial sum of British guineas.

It is to be hoped, now that the swarthy monarch has accomplished his wish, and the ridiculous travesty of a "parliamentary" rule which he has been playing, with a number of English adventurers for his "responsible ministers," has been replaced by a real satrapy, that the great evil of the South-Sea Islands—the kidnapping of natives—will be put down with a strong hand. Sir Hercules Robinson will do well to show himself worthy of the pagan hero who afforded him his Christian name, by suppressing altogether this infamous traffic of which Feejee has long been the centre.

"Blackbirding," as the traffic is nicknamed, was begun, not by heathen natives, but by English settlers; the first to encourage it was a wealthy English planter of Queensland, who, in 1868, imported sixty-five natives of neighboring islands, and practically reduced them to bondage on his plantations. The example was soon followed by still more adventurous and heartless Britons.

The competition for labor became so active, as the archipelago was colonized, that vessels were fitted out, and began to prey upon the more distant and unsuspecting islands. The atrocities which have been committed from that time to the present almost defy description. "Not only wholesale slaughter of resisting tribes," says a recent writer, "not only murder of rebellious prisoners, but torture—torture from which the inquisitors of Madrid would have shrunk—was added to the deeds of the human fiends who dealt in crime for money."

While England is making real exertions to compel the Sultan of Zanzibar to stop the slave-trade on the East-African coast, and the King of Ashantee to abolish the frightful phase which slavery has assumed in his dominions; while she is trying to induce the Egyptian khédive to emancipate the fellahs, and the Sultan of Turkey to suppress the Circassian slave-markets, it is not, perhaps, too much to expect that she will use her newly-gotten power in Feejee to put down a traffic for which she is specially responsible, as it is carried on almost exclusively by her own subjects.

This will require money, vessels, and marine troops; and will be the real price which she is to pay for the commercial wealth and maritime ascendancy which the acquisition of the islands will confer upon her.

## Literary.

THE history of France since the great Revolution has been treated by many authors from nearly as many different stand-points; poets and essayists, as well as historians, have gone to it for an inspiration which it has seldom refused to yield; but we know of no work in which the political lesson which it teaches is pointed out so clearly, and illustrated so forcibly, as in Professor Charles K. Adams's "Democracy and Monarchy in France" (New York, Henry Holt & Co.). A suspicion always attaches to a work which is so peculiarly timely as this, that it is the result, not of careful study and independent thought, but of a conviction on the part of author and publisher that any thing bearing on a given topic will meet a public demand arising from a passing interest in current events. In the case of the present work, such a suspicion is at once dispelled, both by the manner in which it originated and by the character of its performance. In the first place, it grew out of the author's professional work, rather than the general interest felt at the present time in French politics. During the winter of 1872-'73 Professor Adams delivered a course of university lectures on the "Politics of France since the Revolution," and the studies begun in the preparation of those lectures have resulted in his present volume.

Aside from its origin, however, the work itself presents conclusive evidence of careful study, wide research, and a conviction on the part of the author that he had something really worth saying to those who would reach right conclusions concerning one of the most perplexing and at the same time one of the most instructive periods in modern European history. However difficult it may be to accept all of Professor Adams's theories and conclusions—and it is not to be denied that some of them challenge criticism—the reader will concede at once that he is following a genuinely philosophical attempt to penetrate to the real causes of events, and to interpret their meaning. He will be convinced, too, as he goes along, that Professor Adams appreciates fully that these inner causes lie deep; that "the present has its roots running far back into the past, and draws its life from the ideas and institutions that have gone before, just as certainly as the vegetation of to-day receives its nourishment from the decaying remains of preceding organic life;" and that, in order to penetrate to the real significance of passing events, one must contemplate the entire phenomena of the national life. His work opens, accordingly, not with the customary chronicle of the meeting of the Tiers-Etat and the dramatic struggle with the crown which then began, but with a closely analytical account of the "Philosophers of the Revolution"—Helvetius, Condillac, Voltaire, and Rousseau—the great writers who first prepared the popular mind for revolutionary principles, then formulated them into a social cult, and finally directed them into the channels whence they were to emerge with such destructive fury. Following this is a chapter on "The Politics of the Revolution," in which it is shown that these were but the natural expression in practical affairs of the ideas with which the philosophers had imbued the French people; and, further, that the history of France since then, with its fifteen distinct governments, every one of which has been the direct or indirect result of revolution, is but the necessary sequence of the dominance which they at that

time obtained. After these come "The Rise of Napoleonism;" "The Restoration;" "The Ministry of Guizot" (it is worth while to mention that Professor Adams takes a more favorable view of Guizot's political career than most of those who have written since the venerable statesman's death); "The Revolution of 1848;" "From the Second Republic to the Second Empire;" "Universal Suffrage under the Second Empire;" and "The Decline and Fall." Throughout the work the object is to deal with causes rather than effects, to lay bare the influences behind events rather than to record the events themselves; and the later chapters do little more than illustrate and emphasize the theory set forth in the earlier ones. This theory (and it is the key-note of recent French history) is, that the true source of the weakness and political difficulties of France is to be found in the revolutionary spirit of her people, the chronic discontent which prevails among what may be called the predominant elements of society, the habitual preference for that form of government which they have not rather than for that which they have, and tendency to overthrow by violence rather than to modify by mutual concession, which is the first essential of all healthy political life. The subtle workings of this revolutionary spirit are followed with such skill, and its far-reaching effects traced out with such unflinching acumen, as to render Professor Adams's work a contribution to the study of politics, in its best or philosophical sense, as well as a most instructive aid to the understanding of the later history of France.

As Professor Adams's treatise closes with the downfall of the Second Empire, he has no opportunity to touch directly upon current French politics; but in the preface there is a paragraph which, in spite of the melancholy conclusion to which it points, is too important to be omitted: "What the political rôle of France is hereafter to be, it were idle to predict. I think every one that follows these pages through, and assents to the positions taken, will agree with me in the belief that the great present need of France is the destruction of what I have called the revolutionary spirit; and, if this destruction is impossible (as very likely it is), the need next in importance is the establishment of such a government as will make the revolutionary spirit powerless. So long as this revolutionary spirit is dominant, every effort for the establishment of liberty is likely to result in anarchy; and anarchy, it must be confessed, is worse than tyranny. Something, whatever it is, that the nation can agree to for a permanent form of government is, of all things, what is needed; and I cannot but think that the positions taken by President MacMahon, to maintain his power at all hazards to the end of his legal term, are, in spite of many objectionable features, in the general interest of this necessary permanence. It is quite possible that this course will result in the accession of the Prince Imperial; but that the nation would be content to accept permanently of any thing better than some form of Napoleonism, bad as every form of it is, seems to be growing more and more improbable."

The emphasis with which we have spoken of the solid study and research exhibited by this book is not to be interpreted as meaning that it is either abstruse or dull. On the contrary, it is eminently readable, and at times exciting. Professor Adams's style is, if lacking in grace, always lucid and vigorous; and in the present case he has written with a hearty and contagious enthusiasm for his subject.

It is something of a surprise, in these days of "diamond editions," to find that so modest and large-typed a volume as "The Cloth of Gold and Other Poems" (Boston, J. R. Osgood & Co.) contains substantially all the poems of an author who writes with such facility, and who has written for so long a period, as Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Though fresh from the press, and with a new title, this is a new work rather by reason of its omissions than of any fresh matter in its contents; and it differs from the collection made some years ago chiefly in the fact that many of the poems then included are now quietly dropped out of sight. Any one who compares the two books, will agree with us that the poet, both in his inclusions and omissions, has taken an unusually just measure of his work. Perhaps the standard which he has set himself errs, if it errs at all, on the side of severity, for there is one piece at least ("On an Intaglio Head of Minerva") which we miss from the present volume, and of which few poets need have been ashamed. "Baby Bell," however, and all the popular favorites are here; and the author is correct, doubtless, in thinking that it is these which must justify his reputation.

As to the quality of Mr. Aldrich's verse, it is fanciful rather than imaginative, graceful rather than strong, musical, picturesque, and elegant. Its inspiration is drawn from society rather than from Nature; and yet its tone is generally too serious, and frequently too pathetic, for genuine *vers de société*. There are no ambitious flights or creditable failures; but the poems maintain a uniformity of polish and a perfection of finish such as are not often found in American verse. Here is a specimen of this delicacy of finish, and also of the author's skill in drawing a complete picture in a few words:

## "THE LUNCH."

A Gothic window, where a damask curtain  
Made the blank daylight shadowy and uncertain;  
A slab of agate on four eagle-talons,  
Held trimly up and neatly taught to balance;  
A porcelain dish, o'er which in many a cluster  
Black grapes hung down, dead-ripe and without lustre;  
A melon, cut in thin, delicious slices;  
A caster, that seemed mosaic-work in spices;  
Two China cups, with golden tulips sunny,  
And rich inside with chocolate like honey;  
And she and I the banquet-scene completing  
With dreamy words—and very pleasant eating!"

The newest, and one of the most graceful poems in the volume, is "L'Envoi"—in which the middle-aged poet contemplates, with a half-critical, half-pathetic serenity, the performances of his youthful years. The first stanza runs thus:

"This is my youth—its hopes and dreams,  
How strange and shadowy it all seems,  
After these many years!  
Turning the pages idly, so,  
I look with smiles upon the woe,  
Upon the joy with tears!"

All the poems in Dr. Holmes's new volume, "Songs of Many Seasons" (Boston, J. R. Osgood & Co.), have already been published in one form or another—some in the "Poet at the Breakfast-Table," and others in the *Atlantic Monthly*, while the *vers d'occasion*, read at banquets, memorial celebrations, alumni dinners, etc., have been scattered far and wide over the country through the newspapers. They are scarcely less entertaining on that account, however, for Dr. Holmes's verse has that quality of eternal freshness which seems to be the peculiar birthright of humor, and his most familiar pieces can always be re-read with something of the pleasure of a first perusal.

sal. "Dorothy Q." is the only poem in the present collection which is likely to rival in popularity the familiar favorites of the earlier volumes, though "Joe and Bill" is in the author's best manner—with more of homely tenderness and pathos than he usually infuses into what may be called his domestic pieces. The "War Poems" might well have been spared, for they exhibit no distinctive merit, and they breathe a spirit of bitterness and hate, of spread-eagle patriotism and promiscuous truculence, which is so peculiarly out of tune with the harmony which the best men North and South are seeking to establish in this year of grace, that Dr. Holmes himself is constrained to apologize for them in his poetical preface. For the rest, the volume exhibits the old versatility and fire, undiminished by time, the old genial and overflowing humor, and the same extraordinary facility of versification. If the new volume differs from its predecessors in any thing, it is in the more serious tone which pervades the serious poems, and the tendency to half-amused, half-pathetic retrospection observable in many of the occasional verses.

Frank B. Stockton is the author of a sprightly and engaging story for young people, which is issued by Dodd & Mead. Like many such books, it aims to convey useful information with amusement. In the present case, the young reader is told about the construction of a telegraph-line. The scene is laid in the South, and is full of diverting incidents relating to hunting, life among the negroes, etc. Mr. Stockton, while he writes down to the comprehension of his prospective readers, avoids the silly twaddle with which writers in former years supposed the minds of growing boys and girls should be fed.

Under the imprint of the same firm, we notice "By Still Waters," by Edward Garrett, a story of the religious cast; and a series of essays by Rev. Dr. Hopkins, under the general title of "Strength and Beauty." Mr. Garrett has risen into some repute by the vigor and freshness which he infuses into stories of the graver sort. A certain vein of bright, sparkling thought breaks through the conventional forms which he imposes on himself, and helps to avert the tedium which might otherwise afflict the general reader.

The essays by Dr. Hopkins, which are described as discussions for young men, have the tone of Sunday-evening pulpit-lectures. The author is well known as a thinker of vigorous intellect and wide attainments, and has for years occupied an honored place among the literary clergymen of America. The essays included in the present volume indicate their character by the titles, some of which, selected at random, are "Strength and Beauty," "The Manifoldness of Man," "The Bible and Pantheism," "Choice and Service," "Perfect Love," "The Circular and the Onward Movement," etc. Dr. Hopkins has a finished and effective style, which breathes the culture of the ripe scholar. It is hardly necessary to say that these essays, or discussions, are full of practical wisdom, as well as critical thinking. Even for the many, who may not be specially drawn by the themes debated, the force and brightness of the thought will be attractive.

Among recent novels, Justin McCarthy's "Linley Rochford," a tale of English and American life, will excite interest. It is among the most pleasing of this writer's productions, and exhibits some of his best work. Mr. McCarthy is a man of versatile culture, keen observation, and wide experience of the

world, equipments that go far to make a graphic delineator of society. We do not expect from writers of his type that grasping and trenchant strength, and deep insight, that enter into the great works of fiction. On the other hand, he is an artistic story-teller, who knows how to develop a narrative with dramatic point, and understands the fitness of parts and the law of proportion. It has been very well said of Charles Reade that he always constructs a story with a side-glance to its possibilities for the stage. Mr. McCarthy has never written directly for the stage, but we always detect something of the same characteristic in his work. "Linley Rochford" has much of this, and also another dramatic quality, vigor and brightness of dialogue, as well as clear characterization. There is none of that morbid psychological tendency that seems to have become distinctive of so much of contemporary fiction. All is active, stirring, healthy, and objective. What a book of this kind loses in suggestiveness and subtlety it gains in a bright and continuous movement, which keeps the interest all the time sustained, a valuable quality in the current novel, whose true office, in a few words, may be defined as something to amuse and recreate the wearied or indolent mind, without debauching the heart, or lowering the level of the intellectual taste. Judged by this standard, Mr. McCarthy's last novel is full of good quality. It displays careful workmanship for the most part, and tells a pleasant and diverting story in a graphic fashion. "Linley Rochford" was originally issued serially in the *Galaxy*, and is published by Sheldon & Co.

General G. A. Custer's "Life on the Plains" is a book of more than ordinary interest, dealing with a theme upon which few men in America are so competent to write intelligently. General Custer has been closely identified, since the close of the war, with our governmental dealings with the Indians, both in war and peace. Most of the important frontier campaigns have shown General Custer in some high command, and it may be supposed he writes *ex cathedra*. The narrative is cast somewhat in the form of a diary, and covers two or three years of Indian operations, commencing with the Hancock expedition in the spring of 1867. It must not be supposed that it is simply a record of the desultory guerrilla warfare of the plains. The soldier-author, though he gives large space to personal adventure and the military history of the period, about which he could say, with *Aeneas* in his tale to Dido, "All of which I saw, and part of which I was," also deals soberly and thoughtfully with the more important problems of Indian life. His discussion of these indicates the keen and careful observer, and a turn of mind which would have won him distinction in other fields than soldiership. There is very much which deserves quotation and comment in the candid and sensible statements of General Custer on a topic which has engaged the statesmanship of the country without much result, except for ill. But lack of space prohibits more than a passing reference. The series of articles composing the book attracted much attention during their serial publication, and now that they are placed in a permanent form, they will be still more widely read. (Sheldon & Co., New York.)

Scholars will be interested in a volume of "Latin Hymns" (Harper & Brothers), compiled and edited by F. A. March, LL. D., of Lafayette College. These Christian hymns

range from the earliest period of the Church down to the age of the Reformation. Consequently, the Latin style, which they mark, varies from the Augustan purity and beauty of Horace and his brother lyricists to that barbarous school of composition which reflected the monkish scholarship of the later period. Some of the earlier poems have a classic correctness and purity worthy of the most gifted of the pagan authors, and the religious sentiment is expressed not only with fervor but a certain crystalline brightness, so distinctive of the Latin when in its perfect flower. This little work, though designed as a college textbook, deserves a place in the library of every scholar, for it is very suggestive of many interesting changes in the history of the Church, aside from its value as a collection of devotional poems. The editor, in his preface, reflects rather indignantly on the preference given, in college instruction, to the pagan writers over the early Christian poets. In view of the fact that the college curriculum aims rather to give the student an insight *into* the best thought and current modes of thought among the classic peoples than to teach them specific religious knowledge, we can hardly see the force of the reproach. Certainly, however, such a text-book for classic study as that under notice might be placed with advantage on the college list, even if it is not allowed to supersede the standard Latin authors. The editor seems to have done his work with much scholarly taste, and the notes appear to be ample and judicious.

The mere title of Mr. Walter Besant's "French Humorists from the Twelfth to the Nineteenth Century" (Boston, Roberts Brothers) brings a smile of pleasure to the lips, which will not be banished by the contents of the volume. The score or so of sketches of which it consists are all short—some of them very short indeed—and the scholar will find little to command his attention; but, for conveying a fair, entertaining, and easily-comprehended idea of the personal character and literary achievements of the more notable French humorists, nothing could be better. The various sketches were written, as the author explains, on the theory that most readers like to know as much as possible about their authors personally, and to connect their writings with the conditions of their lives and the literary atmosphere they breathed—in other words, that it is personal history that interests rather than critical discussion. We find, accordingly, tolerably full accounts of the personal history and experiences of the humorists treated of, together with suggestive social pictures of the times in which each lived; while the references to their works are chiefly in the form of translations of the most striking and characteristic portions. These translations are admirable, and would alone give a unique and peculiar value to Mr. Besant's book; but we can commend it as, in all respects, a most agreeable one.

Prefixed to the volume is a portrait of Montaigne, showing a face and head which, if the Straitsford bust be authentic, are singularly like Shakespeare's.

Sir Arthur Helps, in his "Life of Mr. Thomas Brassey," reprinted in this country by Roberts Brothers, Boston, sketches the career of one who, in some respects, may be called one of the most remarkable men of the day. Mr. Brassey, as a railway and other public-works contractor, was engaged in enterprises of such magnitude as place him among the kings of industrial effort. In his way, he is perhaps as



much entitled to the admiration of mankind as many whose names shine with a much prouder lustre. His usefulness in developing the varied resources of Great Britain won him the deserved recognition of government—a remark which may also be made of France, Belgium, and Germany. Mr. Brassey's enormous fortune at the time of his death was even a less noteworthy sign of his great business energies than the profound respect in which his name was held, not only through the breadth of Britain, but throughout Europe. The life of such a man is well worth recording, and Sir Arthur Helps has done his work skillfully and compactly. Many of the details in the biography are of a nature to suit rather the technical tastes of the engineer and business-man than the general reader; but the story of the great contractor's life is, on the whole, told with point and interest.

Mr. J. T. Trowbridge is so bright and vigorous a writer that his name is likely to secure any thing he does a hearty welcome. James R. Osgood & Co. issue a juvenile book, "Fast Friends," by this genial and racy author, in which even a rapid reading finds many interesting features. The story is pleasant, fresh, and well told, and many who find themselves advanced beyond boys and girls will probably discover something to entertain them in it. The production of juvenile books is rapidly becoming a favorite field even for our best literary workmen—a fact of no little interest and suggestiveness. Certainly it is desirable that the growing minds of the generation should have their tastes formed on a better model than has prevailed for the most part in books written for the young. The entrance of Mr. Trowbridge into this department of effort has already been quite fruitful in good things, and "Fast Friends" will be found to sustain his previous reputation.

S. S. Soranont & Co., the subscription-book publishers, issue an elaborate compendium, by Dr. Theophilus Parsons, the eminent lawyer and ex-Harvard professor, of nearly eight hundred pages, entitled "The Political, Personal, and Property Rights of a Citizen of the United States." The book needs but little description beyond its title, and its completeness and accuracy are guaranteed by the name of the eminent author. The value of such a comprehensive guide and book of reference can hardly fail to give it a wide demand.

Among volumes of a technical and scientific character, attention may be called to the American reprint of Professor Greenwood's "Manual of Metallurgy" and Professor Thorold Rogers's "Social Economy." Both the authors are eminent in their respective domains, and the treatises under notice incorporate in a compact and intelligent form the most important facts and theories in the sciences treated.

Mr. Bryant's charming poem, "Among the Trees," is published in a handsome little edition by G. P. Putnam's Sons, with designs by Jervis McEntee. The book foreshadows the holidays, and is a pleasant forerunner of the beautiful editions which the New Year brings around.

"Quiet Hours" (Roberts Brothers) includes some of the choicest devotional and moral poems of the language, and in it are represented many of the distinguished poets, with not a few who ought to be known better. The letter-press and binding of this little pocket volume are neat and attractive.

## Fine Arts.

MR. SCHAUS has, during his recent visit to Europe, procured an uncommonly large number of interesting paintings, which are, or are about to be, placed on public exhibition. One of the most attractive and freshest of these is a large painting by an artist who seems to have suddenly sprung up full-fledged to the knowledge of Americans—Mr. George H. Yewell. He has been a student and resident at Rome for many years. During this time he has devoted himself very much to the study of the interiors of many of the famous buildings of Italy, and Schaus has now one of them for exhibition: "The Senate-Chamber of the Doge's Palace in Venice." The picture is five feet long, or more, and is owned by a New-York gentleman. It appears to us that this class of pictures are particularly desirable to have painted for America. Very few artists are willing to confine themselves to copying the old masters, for they think, and think truly, that the peculiar charm of the originals is very seldom even suggested; and, besides, the changes that time has occasioned in blurring and changing the colors can never be properly dealt with. If the pictures are made dark, they are not as they were first created; and, if allowance is made for the darkened hues, we all know how crude and wrong they seem. But the matter of reproducing interiors is a different affair, and rooms that Michael Angelo has planned, and Titian has decorated, are as susceptible of original treatment, and are as stimulating to an artist's imagination, as an Alp, a prairie, or a pyramid. Churches and cathedrals are quite well known, to be sure; but the look of staircases in palaces, of cloisters in old convents, and of such apartments as those in the ducal palace, are nearly unknown except to tourists abroad, and yet they are what give the chief pleasure to travel. Mr. Yewell has made a delightful picture. Everybody who has wandered through the gold-incrusted chambers of the palace will at once recognize the rich and dusky splendor of this painting. Light and shade play admirably about the heavy-gilded ceilings, every coil of which incases a Titian, a Veronese, or a Tintoretto. The marble-tesselated floor reflects, in its polished surface, rows of oak-carved benches, on which the Venetian patricians held their councils, and the same lights and shadows that broke these gorgeous apartments into picturesqueness were at work for the painter who reproduced the scene this year.

When we first saw these rooms, it appeared to us that such richness and gorgeous lavishness of material and of talent were never used before or since, for the very substance of the rooms was of gold casings to hold walls and ceilings that existed but to support gigantic Titians, and the works of Veronese. The churches of Italy, and of most of Europe, have been stripped of the paintings that once adorned them; but at Venice, in this palace, every inch that was not precious marble or mosaic was covered with gorgeous paintings by the greatest artists. Such scenes as these are well worth being multiplied, and the pictures of them have a dignity quite unlike the anonymous interiors, though well got up with screens, and stuffs, and Oriental ornament, that usually appear as the background to nearly all the prominent French paintings.

Mr. Yewell has managed his subject well as an artist. Abstractly, the color is good, the lights and shades are cleverly managed, and the big picture by Titian, that covers one end

of the hall, is quite as impressive as a first glance of it would be to a visitor. The magnificence of the gold-framing of the other frescoes, too, is well brought out; and the marble, the wood-carving, and the other paintings, seen on the side-wall and the ceiling, give one a delightful reminder of days spent in the fair-city in Europe.

Schaus has also got a very nice Merle, which was in the spring exhibition in Paris. A handsome girl, a brunette, with pretty hands, is playing or working with a distaff. The picture is life-size, and is slightly painted for Merle—we mean, it is sketchy. Artists, we surmise, cannot always elaborate every thing; still, it seems to us that, if they know how to do any thing well, they do themselves no honor when they stop short of their best. Like all Merle's paintings, this one is agreeable in tone, but it is by no means one of his finest productions.

Schaus, also, has a Toulmouche, highly finished, but, like hundreds of other paintings now done in France, without a touch of imagination or purpose in it. There is also a very nice engraving of "Daniel in the Lions' Den," by Briton Riviere, of England. The den, a stone-room, decorated with Assyrian bass-reliefs, is treated in the manner of Alma Tadema, and the figure of Daniel, perfectly simple in its fine outlines, stands with his back toward us, gazing at a group of lions, who are splendidly natural and full of life, and form the strongest feature in what would without them be a very interesting picture. This engraving is placed for subscription, and is not yet completely finished.

Of Schaus's other pictures, there is a snow-scene in a French village, by Loir—a *tour de force* of linear and aerial perspective—a road, a coach retreating into the distance, and gray skies, and scanty trees.

De Konick has a painting, too, of some girls standing in a balcony throwing bonbons during the carnival—a rich, gay picture, technically quite clever, but not very interesting. The girls' arms are heavy, and the color of the flesh lacks translucency, while the shadows are purple, and not pleasing.

"Concerning the genius of Kaulbach," says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "criticism may have something to say, but of his laborious industry and untiring invention there can be nothing but acknowledgment. A series of photographs in course of publication by Mr. Frederick Bruckmann afford fresh proof of the fertility of the painter's powers. They are taken from paintings and designs left by Kaulbach at his death, and of these designs about two hundred have been chosen for presentation to the public. We have now before us the first installment of the series, in which are included photographs of the nine cartoons illustrative of the Deluge. This important composition, possessing a full expression of the kind of grandeur over which Kaulbach had command, was undertaken about the year 1860; and it may therefore be said to reflect the painter's ripest thought in regard to the principles of his art. The progress of the flood is traced through a multitude of incidents of increasing horror and intensity; and in all the cartoons we note the unflinching invention that crowds together all the possible materials of the scene. The confusion and disorder of the time have vividly impressed themselves upon the painter's mind. His imagination seizes eagerly upon whatever of terrible effect the subject suggests, not hesitating to present, with full dramatic force, the most highly-wrought image of extreme despair. For the purposes of his art, he has brought together a series of frantic conflicts and wild revels, grouping in strange combinations all the fiercest passions, and exhibiting scenes of cruellest strife between the human and the animal world. We can perceive and readily acknowledge the study and industry which alone could combat the technical

difficulties of these compositions, and it may be granted that few modern artists are sufficiently equipped for so grand an adventure. But beyond this acknowledgment lies the more important consideration of the imaginative value and pictorial worth of these laborious efforts. To us, it must be confessed, Kaubach's imagination is a vast apparatus rather than a gift of superior vision. Its system of composition remains always theatrical, by which we mean that it multiplies all the sources of immediate effect, without reaching to what is dominant and essential. All the greatest art is, in effect, a process of simplification. It controls and reduces the complexity of Nature by intensity of vision, and is never content with the first confused aspect of things. The absence of this penetrating power in the works of Kaubach, and his deliberate elaboration of theatrical resource, leave as cold in the presence of even his most difficult inventions. In these nine cartoons, with their multitudes of moving figures swayed by every kind of energetic passion, we do not find one that shows the artist in close contact with the grandeur and awe of the event; they are to us only supremely clever efforts to image what has not been truly seen."

It is reported that, in the "Biblioteca" at Rio Janeiro, a discovery has been made of thirty-seven woodcuts by Albrecht Dürer, in fine condition, the subject, the "Passion of Our Lord," and dated 1534. No complete set, it is said, can be found elsewhere. In addition, there has also "turned up" a copy of the celebrated Adam and Eve of 1504.

In honor to William Cullen Bryant, and in commemoration of his eightieth birthday, the Century Club of this city have ordered to be prepared a vase, on which representations of the most prominent incidents in the poet's life will be engraved and moulded. This, when finished, will be placed in the Metropolitan Museum of Art as a lasting memorial of their esteem and affection.

The French Minister of Fine Arts has reopened the Italian gallery of paintings in the Louvre, which has remained closed since the disastrous Franco-German War of 1870-1871. The collection has been enriched by the addition of a number of masterpieces by the early Italian schools.

## Music and the Drama.

### English Opera-Bouffe

AS Italian is the language of serious opera, so French is no less the language of the comic and farcical opera. There are certain inherent elements of fitness in the sounds and idioms of both these languages for the relative forms of dramatic music. The open vowel-sounds of the "sweet bastard Latin," as Byron calls Italian, so largely predominant, give the utmost capacity for the perfect formation of tone. *Opéra-bouffe*, it need hardly be said, seeks its effects less in the beauty than in the sprightliness of its music, and in the humor of its recitation and acting. The *staccato* sounds and the nasal drawl of French pronunciation fit the tongue admirably for the musical function with which it is always associated in our minds.

So we can hardly help thinking that *opéra-bouffe*, when translated from the French to the English dress, taken out of the soil and atmosphere where it grows so luxuriantly, shows signs of drooping and decadence. This is very well illustrated in the performances of the Soldene English *opéra-bouffe* troupe, which have taken place at the Lyceum Theatre under the auspices of Grau and Chizola. In place of the subtle nuances of humor (for those understanding the French language) often expressing, in spite of their grace, however, gross and prurient meanings, we have the downright, business-like bluntness of the English. Either the necessities of the language, or a decent regard for the tastes of English-speaking audi-

ences, have forced the adapters of the French libretto to eliminate whatever in the original smacks of vulgarity. This, of course, is a change for the better. Yet it must be confessed that with the improprieties of the original have also disappeared much of the wit and sparkle of the dialogue, a feature which, in the opera of comedy and farce, is always important. The English version of "Geneviève de Brabant," the only one given by the Soldene troupe at the time of this writing, is a forcible example of what we refer to. There is no suggestion in it which could make a modest woman blush—a wide departure from the French prototype. To supply the lacking element, the rough-hewn jokes and "gags," many of them so aged as to be decrepit, of the English burlesque school of acting, are plentifully supplied, and we see little more than a play of the sort made familiar to us by Miss Lydia Thompson, set to the music of Offenbach. All the lightness, wit, and grace of the original, which went far to mitigate its naughtiness, are lost, and with these qualities most of the beauty and excellence of the acting, for the inspiration of the text has much to do with the power of the execution. Even for those knowing only their own tongue, many of the most enjoyable features of *opéra-bouffe* are lost.

With this much conceded for the difficulties that hamper the performance of English *opéra-bouffe*, it is impossible to suppress a feeling of disappointment in the art and *personnel* of the Soldene troupe. Americans have had their tastes spoiled for any thing but true artistic excellence in this direction by a succession of troupes each one distinguished by genuine merit. The Soldene party falls considerably short of the standard, so far as the performance of "Geneviève de Brabant" gives us any right to a decision.

Miss Emily Soldene, the leader of the organization, has a voice of considerable range and some sweetness; but it is inflexible, and not at all to be depended on by the singer. In the formation of her tones she shows a very great lack of artistic training, as, in several passages by no means difficult, she nearly broke on the first performance. She omitted the vocal embellishments with which Offenbach has adorned much of the music, and which have been so deliciously executed by several of the French artists with whom we are familiar—a matter of praiseworthy prudence in the present case. Aside from her singing, Miss Soldene displayed a good deal of spirit and dramatic power, though there were lacking that *chic* and indescribable finish so enjoyable in her late predecessor, Mdlle. Aimée. In the very beautiful serenade and duet of the first act, music worthy of any composer that ever lived, Miss Soldene received an *encore*, though it is a question whether the compliment was to the music or to the execution of it. Miss Lyndhurst, who sang in the rôle of *Geneviève*, is lacking alike as a musician and an actress, and we have no hesitation in saying that there are innumerable drawing-room amateurs to be found in every respectable street of New York very far her superiors in the vocal art. The other ladies of the troupe, filling the minor parts and chorus, did very creditably.

Of the male performers we are glad to speak more favorably. Of course, there was but little demand on the art of vocalism. So far as the dramatic excellence of their share of the work is concerned, it sufficed to create a feeling of pleasure and satisfaction. The *gens d'armes* duet, so great a feature in the opera, was carefully and humorously done,

though by no means a great performance. Such as it was, it was the most agreeable phase of the performance. We cannot assure those who attend these English performances of *opéra-bouffe* throughout the country of a great artistic feast, but there is enough of merit in the company to insure an agreeable entertainment.

Mdlle. Albani's performance of *Mignon*, in the opera of the same name, justifies the high opinion of her talent, which is blossoming into something like enthusiasm. Though the opera is not a great work, there are so much picturesqueness and variety both in its music and action as to give it a strong hold on the public—a power enhanced, too, by the delightful associations of Nilsson and Lucca with its performance. Both these great artists found in *Mignon* a rôle which they made delicious by the superb art with which they treated it, aside from the mere question of the music.

Mdlle. Albani might be pardoned for copying either of these two admirable types which express the two possible interpretations of the character. She has shown independence and a modest distrust of her own powers by not attempting to construct a great individuality out of the rôle. She has contented herself with giving us a sweet and simple picture, devoid of the passion and meaning of her predecessors, yet with a certain agreeable charm of its own. Never for a moment can it be said that she has succeeded in lifting the audience into a warm and active sympathy with the dramatic meaning, which even Ambroise Thomas and his librettist have not succeeded in banishing from Goethe's *Mignon*, but her conception is poetic and graceful.

Mdlle. Albani, in the recent performance, sang the music delightfully, with the exception of the first act, in which she did not warm up to the spirit of her work. The scene and *aria* before the looking-glass were admirably done, and made perhaps the most delicious bit of the whole opera. The musical execution could hardly have been surpassed for delicacy and brightness, and the ease with which the difficult runs were made showed how perfect in quality and culture the voice was. The high notes, culminating in a top E, were given with a facility and certainty which aroused the audience into a genuine *furor*.

Mdlle. Heilbron sang the rôle of *Filina* admirably, and gave the great show *aria*, "The Polonaise," with a crispness and sparkle which made her almost divide the honors of the evening with Albani. This young artist has been gaining steadily on the public admiration since her *début*, and promises to become a great favorite. There have been but few prima donnas who have come to us with so little blowing of the managerial trumpet that have shown such sterling excellence. Sig. Bassini, the tenor of the opera, sustained the high opinion in *Guglielmo* which he won by his singing and acting in "Il Barbiere" several weeks since. Fiorini's *Lotario* was by no means a strong personation, and suggested very unpleasant comparisons with Jamet and Nannetti. The choruses of the opera were excellent, and the handling of the orchestra all that could be desired.

*Mignon* will never be regarded as one of Albani's great parts. However well she delivers the music, she lacks the dramatic unction and subtlety necessary to warm the interests of her hearers into a feeling of sympathy. This charming singer is evidently fitted to shine most in light rôles. In this field she will ever rank high in the admiration of the musical world.

"If any one," remarks the *Spectator*, "wishes to see how an actor can allow himself to deteriorate in a part he has himself created, let him study Mr. Sothorn in *Lord Dundreary*. He will find him, in manner, dress, and pantomime, as good as he ever was, or better than he ever was; but he will also find him omitting, apparently from deliberation, all the intellectual nuances of the part. The play, always bad, has been gradually broadened into a mere farce, and the cool, vague-minded aristocrat, with his silliness so shot with gleams of capacity, arising obviously from experience and position, has degenerated into a perfectly-dressed, self-possessed fool. We are bound to add that the crowded audience apparently likes the change, and laughs more heartily than ever, though generally before the joke."

The great Italian tragedian, Ernest Rossi, according to the *Academy*, has been exciting great enthusiasm in Florence by his rendering of the part of *King Lear*. But his countrymen are likely to lose him just when he has arrived at the full maturity of his powers. The Brazilians are urging him warmly to return to them; Warsaw calls upon him to found a school of dramatic art in its centre; and Russia and Germany are putting in rival claims to his services. The *Rivista Europea* is naturally anxious that he should have some inducement to consider himself as *de facto* belonging to his own country, and suggests that the municipality of Rome should get together a permanent dramatic company, and provide handsomely for its maintenance.

"Raffaello e la Fornarina," the new opera, by a young composer, Signor Chisotti da Casale, just produced at the Teatro Alfieri, in Turin, proved a terrible failure on the first night, on account, principally, of the shameful manner in which it was got up and performed. On the succeeding nights it went somewhat better, but it will soon be forgotten.

The season of Italian opera at St. Petersburg opened September 30th with "Der Freischütz"—*Agatha*, Mdle. D'Angeri; *Annette*, Mdle. Bianchi; *Caspar*, Signor Foll. The last-named artist is highly praised by the *Gazette de St.-Petersbourg*, which says that he struck the F sharp in *Caspar's* drinking-song with as much facility as one would produce it on the piano-forte.

Herr Theodor Wachtel will, it is said, appear ere long at the Stadt-Theater, in Leipzig, as the hero in Herr B. Wagner's "Lohengrin." It seems that the great German tenor must have overcome the fear of the throat-destroying power of the music of the future.

The Kellogg English-Opera troupe have repeated their Chicago success in St. Louis, each night having brought crowded houses.

## Science and Invention.

AN invention designed for the conveyance of meat by train, lately patented by Captain Acklow, was recently tried on the Great Western main line between London and Swindon. Although the report of the company is not yet made public, there seems good reason to believe that the invention is one likely to prove effective as well as simple and economical. As described by the *English Mechanic*, the car which this company has built on Captain Acklow's principle resembles in outward appearance the ordinary luggage-wagon. A near inspection of it shows, however, that its works are not of wood, or of any more solid nature than stout layers of felt running from top to bottom of the van's sides between a sort of net-work of galvanized wire. The outer pair of these layers are kept constantly wet by means of an intermittent supply of water that trickles down them from a cistern arranged at the top of the van for the express purpose. As the water passes down through the felt it is evaporated by the heat of the outer air, and thus cools the interior of the

van, which is separated from the wet felt by another double layer of dry felt. In proportion as the exterior air is hotter, so is the process of evaporation more rapid, and acts more powerfully in cooling the interior. In fact, its operation can at any time be intensified by removing one or more of the felt layers, and this can of course be done to suit the time of year. The water, or at least so much of it as is not lost by evaporation, can be pumped up again from the receiving-cistern at the bottom of the van, and passed again through the felt sides. The meat itself is hung on long rows of hooks upon beams crossing the van transversely. It is protected from all dust and from the rays of the sun by the walls already described, and by a felt top, over which is the arched roof of the wagon. As much as eight tons can be carried in the van now completed, and this is itself a saving of space, since no truck of the same dimensions could hold any thing like that weight of live animals. The principle here adopted will be recognized by our readers as the same as that recently described in the *JOURNAL* in an illustrated account on artificial ice-manufacture, the cold in both instances being produced by the rapid evaporation of liquids. What now remains to be discovered is some liquid, in itself exceedingly volatile, which can be produced so economically that its loss by evaporation will not offset the gain effected in the safe transportation of meat from great distances.

The French Academy of Sciences has recently sustained an irreparable loss in the person of M. Elie de Beaumont, the celebrated geologist, inspector of mines, and professor of the College of France, who died on the 21st of September, in his château of Canon, Calvados. This illustrious geologist will be best known to posterity by his "Metallurgical Studies in England," "Geological Map of France"—accompanied by two explanatory volumes—numerous publications on "The Theory of the Pentagonal System," and his celebrated work of 1867, on "The Mountain Systems, and the Progress of Stratigraphy." Of his remarkable lectures in the College of France, only the first volume has as yet been published. His metallurgical studies formed, as it were, the preface to his great geological map of France—the result of sixteen years of hard work, patient study, and acute observation. In the first volume of his lectures published he communicates to his students the most valuable practical counsels, and, in his lessons on geological phenomena, extends his observations to the action of the ocean on continents, particularly on the shores of France, the Netherlands, the Adriatic, and the mouths of the Ganges and Mississippi. His later years were mostly occupied in the mathematical study of the accidents of the terrestrial surface, which resulted in his discovery of the beautiful theory of the pentagonal system, in which he proves that, underneath the apparent disorder of the numerous mountain-ranges covering the globe, there exists a perfect law of symmetry of general application. The pentagonal system has not yet been popularly treated, the proofs of his theory reposing on so many questions of algebra and trigonometry as to be beyond the reach of even many scientific authorities, but every year increases the number of adhesions of those best qualified to form a correct opinion on the subject. As Lavoisier, Fourcroy, and Berthollet, changed alchemy into chemistry by creating the nomenclature, so M. Elie de Beaumont will be honored as the first who endeavored to identify the unclassified mass of terrestrial observations with natural laws,

and thus contributed more than any other man in establishing the science of geology on a sure foundation.

At a recent meeting of the members of the French Academy, M. Bouley read an interesting report upon a new method of preserving meat, invented by M. Ch. Tellier, a civil-engineer. M. Tellier preserves meat for an indefinite length of time by means of cold, dry air, the refrigeration being produced by an ingenious apparatus of his own invention. The agent used by M. Tellier for producing the requisite degree of cold is methylic ether, discovered in 1836 by Dumas and Peligot. Under atmospheric pressure, and at an ordinary degree of temperature, methylic ether appears in a gaseous state. A cold of 36° Fahr. below zero condenses it at the normal pressure, or, at the temperature of zero, a pressure of eight atmospheres gives it likewise a liquid form. Methylic ether, therefore, condensed by pressure, becomes an energetic refrigerating agent, giving thirty-six degrees of cold. The liquefied methylic ether is, by means of a compressing-pump, directed into a kind of tubular boiler. The ether envelops the internal tubes, in which circulates a solution of chloride of calcium. The liquefied ether cools the solution, which afterward may be directed to all parts of the apparatus. All kinds of meat have been subjected to the process, with the most satisfactory results. At the end of forty-five days the meat, as regards taste and flavor, is equal to that newly-killed. After this time, the meat loses its flavor, and becomes soft, but, even nine months afterward, shows no sign whatever of putrefaction. The members of the French Academy have authorized an experiment to be made on a large scale at Buenos Ayres, in order that this system may be thoroughly tested.

Although Professor Pritchard's address at the Church Congress was regarded as an answer to Professor Tyndall, the author did not hesitate to express his opinion as to the duties of the clergy, and the need that those who would combat the errors of scientific theorists must themselves be informed regarding the truths of science. "What do you know about it?" is a question to which the clergyman, schooled only in the dogmas of his faith, can return but a weak answer; nor will it do to call in question the knowledge of the man of science regarding the claims of theology. It is true that the lamentable ignorance of many professors of science regarding the significance and bearing of certain religious truths seems to forbid that they demand that their opponents should know all the laws of Nature by heart, yet there are certain departments of natural science that are so readily approached, and the laws of which are so simple and plain, that clergymen should at least know something regarding them. "If in every house throughout England," writes Professor Pritchard, "there were found a well-used microscope, and on the lawn a tolerable telescope, and, best of all, if those who possess influence in our national universities could see their way to the enforcement of a small modicum of the practical knowledge of common things on the minds of those who are to go forth and do battle with the ignorance and failings of our population, and to spread light throughout the land—a little knowledge of the ancient elements, fire, air, earth, and water, would save many a young clergyman from the vanity of ridiculous extremes, and from the surprise of the more wisely and widely educated among his flock."



## Contemporary Sayings.

THE "Etc." editor of the *Overland* advocates the adoption of the old Greek tunic as a morning-dress at home for American ladies. He is eloquent in dilating on the resultant effects both on health and beauty; as, for instance: "Delightfully easy the Greek costume would be for a working-dress in hot, languid, autumn-time; for instance, when people were cleaning house. The Spartan virgin's tunic, though it was open at the side from belt to hem (thus, in truth, 'strutted the proud Hermione,' whose modesty none dared impugn); or the tunic of Diana, girdled both at waist and loins in unimpeding folds, the tunic of her who was—

..... chaste of spirit utterly  
Untaught, yet so even from her infancy—"

any of these would be a perfect morning-costume for 'our girls.' And if they could wear sandals, too, so that their feet might have the same action as their hands, their steps would be agile enough. Tirelessly would they go up stairs and down, carrying pails of water, pails of whitewash, mops, brushes, baskets of clothes, or armfuls of babies. Such attire left the limbs untrammelled, especially the arms, whose articulation, to be free, requires great space."

It would be a curious study if we could learn the exact damage which has been done to virtue by the use of the euphuisms for vice which have been invented so plenteously of late years. Following the manner of barkeepers who have coined as many beautiful names for their villainous drinks as the poetic Orientals have for the rose, the politicians—we are sorry to apply that word to the class—have gathered materials for quite a respectable phrase-book of optimistic sayings. Reverence suggested for the "Ring," which word was itself a very affectionate metaphor, the conservative title of "the old thing." The person who worked the "old thing" was known by his genial followers as the "old man" or the "Boss." Awkward explanations concerning little transactions which the world considers discreditable are waived by that delicate appeal to the fallen nature of man, "You know how it is yourself." And now, from an honest jurymen, we learn of the latest and most enticing nomenclature for that very disagreeable and shocking word "bribe." A "soliciting agent," so he is termed, came from one of the benefactors of the English language, one who had done much to enrich it with these felicitous sayings, and represented to this jurymen that his principal, who was serving a term at a State institution, was desirous of a pardon. "Sign this petition," says the courteous agent, and something tangible and handsome will be forthcoming." Very tempting that; but we are happy to record that in this instance at least the poetical imagery of crime failed in its intended effect.

How often we are offended by unconscious and innocent peculiarities on the part of our dearest friends! The *Saturday Review*, in an essay on "Traveling Companions," speaks thus of the *Adus Achates*: "Unluckily, he has some little trick of manner, or language, which you never noticed at home. He keeps some pet phrase which is always recurring in season and out of season; there is something about his manner of eating which strikes you as not perfectly delicate; he has a trick of echoing the last words of your sentences; and, after a time, the recurrence of the objectionable peculiarity vexes you like the sting of an insect. You feel that he has canceled for the time all claims upon your gratitude. Orestes and Pylades may be patterns of friendship; but if, in a walking-tour, Orestes should introduce into every other sentence the phrase 'Don't you know?' Pylades would be ready to cut his throat or drop his acquaintance in a month. Benvolio, as Mercutio informs us, quarreled with a friend for cracking nuts when he had hazel eyes; and the cause was perfectly adequate if they were fellow-travelers."

The *Pall Mall Budget*, in speaking of the patriarchs of Antioch, whose archiepiscopal patronage the High-Church people in England have been eagerly soliciting, states that there are four of this

mysterious personage, the last of whom is a bishop in *partibus* created by the pope. The *Budget* says: "Dismissing this bishop, we still have three others—one of the Greek Church, and therefore within the condemnation of the Athanasian Creed for denying the double procession of the Third Person of the Trinity; another, a Monophysite, and therefore condemned under one or more of the definitions of the Second Person; and a third, a Maronite—that is, a Monothelite, and, if not expressly, still, according to the better opinion, probably condemned by implication in the Athanasian Creed. Hence, according to the most favorable view of the case, the chances are two to one that the High Anglicans and Ritualists are in the habit of devoting to eternal perdition thirteen times a year the patriarch whose benediction they have so eagerly sought."

"Writing poetry for the waste-basket," says an item-maker, "is putting one's soul into words that burn." But the *Tribune* thinks this "isn't so bad as that, and, for the consolation of rejected rhymers, we hasten to say so. Very little waste-paper is burned in this age of high rags. Sappho may be pleased to know that her ill-fated manuscript is not 'cremated' (horrible word). She is not consumed—she is simply chopped or minced (like meat for a hash) into little pieces; and her pretty 'poem' comes out fair, white paper, upon which something of real value may be written—a promissory note, maybe, or an invitation to dinner, which is a great deal nicer than all the 'Lines to —' in the world. We mention this that the constructors of stanzas may not be discouraged when hope of publication indefinitely deferred makes their hearts unwell."

"A dreadful rumor," says the *Christian Union*, "comes from the ends of the earth that the Navigator Islands desire the protection of the United States. Do the inhabitants of those islands imagine we have no rights that islanders are bound to respect? Haven't we the Indians, the Mormons, the Ku-klux, the carpet-baggers, and the inflationists, on our hands? Do the inhabitants of the Navigator group know how many government employes are required to keep us in order, and how few are the remaining intelligent citizens from whom new officials can be drawn to make us equal to new responsibilities? If they unmercifully refuse to have 'no' for an answer, one hope will yet be ours—we can send them an assortment of tax-bills, with a Louisiana or a South-Carolinian to explain their meaning."

## The Record.

### A WEEKLY RETROSPECT OF EVENTS.

OCTOBER 30.—Advices from Spain: The government having acceded to General Laserna's demand for reinforcements, he will resume command of the Army of the North.

Advices from Central Asia report that the insurrection in Khokand has been suppressed. The Congress of the Argentine Confederation has passed a resolution declaring the republic in a state of siege, and voted the money necessary to crush the rebellion. The *National*, the official paper, has been suppressed, and its editor imprisoned. General Mitre sent to the government from Montevideo his resignation as brigadier in the army.

Kullmann, the would-be murderer of Prince Bismarck, sentenced to imprisonment for fourteen years, and ten years' suspension of his civil rights. Lieutenant-General Sheridan reports every indication of the close of the Indian war before winter sets in. The Indians are fleeing from the troops, and many surrendering unconditionally.

Serious forest-fire reported in Ohio. The Belcher (Cal.) mine on fire. The Falls Park Brewery, at Philadelphia, destroyed.

Death, at Cooperstown, of John H. Anthon, a distinguished lawyer; at Brooklyn, of Leopold Bierworth, consul at New York for Wurtemberg.

OCTOBER 31.—Report that the Carlists are negotiating with the Madrid Government for an armistice.

Fifteen hundred persons sick with typhoid fever in the town of Darwen, Lancashire, England. Death, at Auburn, N. Y., of Knos T. Throop, ex-Governor of the State of New York, aged ninety-four.

NOVEMBER 1.—Advices from Spain that the Carlists have erected four batteries of sixteen cannon

before Irun, and the bombardment is expected to open at once.

Forkenbeck elected president of the German Reichstag, and Sausenber and Haemel vice-presidents.

A number of the dispatches which Bismarck has been endeavoring to obtain, found in the care of an under-secretary of Von Arnim.

NOVEMBER 2.—Germany is contemplating postal treaties with Chili, Peru, Bolivia, Costa Rica, and Colombia.

Advices from Buenos Ayres state that a battle took place on the 26th ultimo, between a body of rebels under Mitre and government troops; result uncertain. A decisive engagement hourly expected. The revolution in Venezuela continues. Curo has been taken by the Blues, who have also laid siege to Maracaibo. General Guzman and staff have returned from Puerto Cabello to Caracas. Sentence has been pronounced on the three men accused of having murdered President Balta in prison, in Peru. Two will draw lots which will be executed, and one is to have fifteen years' penal servitude.

NOVEMBER 3.—Election in many of the States, resulting very generally in triumphs of the Democratic party: Samuel J. Tilden, Democrat, elected Governor of New York; William Gaston, Democrat, elected Governor of Massachusetts; Judge Redd, Democrat, elected Governor of New Jersey; J. F. Cochran, Democrat, elected Governor of Delaware; John J. Bagley, Republican, Governor of Michigan; J. D. Porter, Democrat, Governor of Tennessee; David P. Lewis, Democrat, Governor of Alabama; D. H. Chamberlain, Republican, Governor of South Carolina; — Bradley, Democrat, Governor of Nevada. Congressional elections in Alabama, Arkansas, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Illinois, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, New Jersey, New York, Nevada, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Vermont, Virginia, Wisconsin; one hundred and twenty-seven Democrats elected; eighty-four Republicans. Delaware, Maryland, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, New Jersey, New York, Tennessee, Virginia, have chosen Legislatures that will elect Democratic United States senators.

Advices from Spain: The siege of Irun continues. The Republicans have burned the railroad depot, and are fortifying Fontarabia as a place of refuge in case Irun is captured.

Four persons killed by an explosion of powder at Houslow, England.

NOVEMBER 4.—Advices from Spain: Report that peremptory orders have been received at Hendaye from Paris for the expulsion of all Spaniards, without distinction, from the frontier towns on the right bank of the Bidasoa, for fear of interference in the conflict at Irun. The bombardment of Irun begun. General Elio is in command of the besieging forces.

A decree of the German Government, dated October 29th, establishes the Representative Assembly of Alsace and Lorraine.

Advices from Central Asia of a rebellion in Afghanistan.

NOVEMBER 5.—Defeat of Carlists in Valencia. Siege of Irun by the Carlists proceeding slowly. Death, at New York, of Right Rev. D. W. Bacon, D. D., Roman Catholic Bishop of Portland, Me.

## Notices.

### WHAT ARE ENGLISH CHANNEL

SHOES? Sewed shoes have the seam that unites the sole and upper sunk into a channel cut in the sole. Americans cut this channel from the edge of the sole, and the thin lip turns up in wearing. The English channel, which *never turns up*, is cut from the surface, leaving a dark line when closed. As it cannot be cut in thin, poor leather, it indicates a good article.

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